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FEBRUARY
1915

H. EDWARDS.

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Vol. III. No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1915 MURRAY SIMONSKI, Superintending Editor

EDITORIAL

The Mother Love

Hair-splitting psychologists and ethicians, who analyze emotions as chemists analyze nostrums, reducing them to their primal elements, tell us that a mother's love for her children is the quintessence of selfishness.

The proposition is a hard one; but much is advanced in its support.

The mother loves her child, not because her child is more lovable than other children are, but because it is her own. The mother's child is a part of herself—of her own flesh and bone and blood. Her child is a reproduction and perpetuation of herself. So her love for the child is in a sense self-love. And then, too, the child takes on a thousand and one of the mother's own little ways of thought and act and speech. These the mother loves through her own conceit. Other women's children may have better ways according to common judgment, but never according to her own.

In addition to all this, the habit of intimate association, the strongest habit we have, adds to the endearment. The child is a part of the mother's everyday life, of her inner life, of her heart companionship and soul development.

Let the child be torn by death from the mother's breast, and the mother weeps and sorrows, even though she knows the child has gone to happiness ineffable.

The bereaved mother with sublime trust in God may think that in her heart she thanks Him for taking her beloved one from a world of sin and pain to a heaven of pure delight, but her feeble words of thanks falter through tears that come because she is bereft.

Who can deny all this, or any part of it? No one.

Let us look at a little story from real life:

"With the arms of her two-year-old daughter lovingly entwined about her neck, and with three other little children weeping at her side, Mrs. Mary Donovan was found dead on the floor of her home in Toronto. The poor woman, ill with pneumonia and suffering with hunger, had worked ceaselessly in an effort to keep her children out of the poorhouse, until she dropped dead from exhaustion. The husband had run away without leaving a cent. The woman slaved all day and part of every night. She fell ill, but would not spend any of her earnings for a physician or medicine. A half finished task was found in the room with the body."

Well, what of it?

What can be said in condemnation of such selfishness as this?

Selfishness is the universal, the fundamental passion upon which is based every emotion, impulse and aspiration known to humanity.

Take away selfishness, and mankind would become dead clay.

But neither selfishness nor any other passion possible to humanity is in itself wrong; it can become wrong only when improperly applied.

The selfishness in mother-love that prompts such self-sacrifice as that of life itself that children may be fed is holy beyond ordinary human conception, but not more holy than that which more commonly prompts daily and hourly self-sacrifice in little things in every household in the world.

Though it have selfishness at its base, mother-love is the sweetest, strongest, passion in the world. Without it life would be unendurable and heaven incomprehensible.

* * *

Pictures in the Homes

ART, one of the best gifts to man, never was intended to be exclusively a luxury of the rich.

Like literature, it is the common heritage of all.

The part which it has played in the education and advancement of the human family toward a common understanding of itself cannot be measured.

It is a universal language which all can understand, and the message it conveys goes to the heart as well as to the mind.

It enlarges the view of life and enables us to understand aspirations, struggles and passions that are tremendous forces in the world and in individual lives.

One's real nature may be known better from the pictures she loves than from the books she likes, because art love is less of the mind and more of the soul.

So powerful is the influence of good pictures in their constant force of suggestion that criminologists are learning to hang them in prison cells as a most valuable element in discipline and reform.

* * *

Is Prayer Answered?

A correspondent writes: "I know what the preachers say about it, but singularly enough I want your opinion: 'Is prayer answered?'"

It all depends.

What is prayer? And who offers the prayer? And what does she pray for?

There is an old hymn which says:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed."

Given the petitioner who asks for a proper answer to her prayer, and who really desires what she asks for—that woman's prayer is answered.

It is the very nature of things. It is based on scientific fact.

Darwin has told us that Spencer has illustrated the fact that thought, desire, is the method of creation.

All things come through desire. The deer runs because it wants to run, and has thus evolved the parts necessary for its running. The fish has fins because it wants to swim. The bird flies because it desires to fly. All animate nature is what it is because it desires to be so. It couldn't be different.

To give a concrete example of answered prayer:

An individual prays to be a useful helpful citizen. If she is sincere in her prayer, she desires what she prays for. And through that desire, in time, she becomes what she prays for.

In this sense a woman answers her own prayer.

It is the law of being that you are transformed into the likeness of that which you desire.

No power on earth or in hell can prevent a woman from being a good woman if she desires to be. She may know nothing about the law of assimilation or reflex action. But her prayer will be answered just the same.

You say this eliminates God?

No, it simply proves that God uses us to answer our prayers.

A prayer without soul in it, a prayer without sincere desire in it, a prayer without longing in it, is blasphemy.

* * *

Honesty is the Normal Condition

That there are wrongs, in big enterprises and in small, there can be no question.

We hear more about delinquencies of all sorts than we did when the facilities for gathering news were meagre.

But the optimist sees that justice, honor and honesty are the normal conditions, and that they rule as a matter of course in social and business relations.

Millions of instances in which they are in evidence never appear under startling headlines in the newspapers. They are by far too ordinary to constitute news.

An honest man creates no sensation as he passes along the street attending quietly to his business. But the thief in custody attracts a crowd.

This is simply because honesty is common and dishonesty uncommon.

The great tendency of our society, whether political or industrial, is toward the general welfare and the common good.

The whole business structure rests and has always rested on the conviction that men will fulfill their obligations and deal fairly.

This conviction is the foundation of credit.

Ninety-five per cent of the total business transactions of this country are carried on not in cash, but in credit based on this conviction, showing how general it is and how firm.

Confidence, not suspicion, is and must ever be the prevailing tone of the business world.

The common belief that the vast majority of men are honest is more pronounced to-day than it ever was before.

It bears silent but convincing testimony to the fact that humanity is going forward, not backward.

Why Not Rely On Cuticura

To Care for Your Hair and Scalp

The Soap to cleanse and purify. The Ointment to soothe and heal. Their use will clear the scalp of dandruff, allay itching and irritation, and promote hair-growing conditions. You may try them before you buy them.

Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free with 32-p book. Address post-card "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

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THE
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Bake without turning the pan. Figure on less than the usual baking time, because aluminum ware gets hot quickly and stays hotter than any other ware—heats evenly all over, so every cake in the pan bakes at the same time and you have puffy, brown, crusty popovers.

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"Wear-Ever" utensils are made by Canadian workmen in the largest and most modern factory of its kind in Canada.

Always look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark—on the bottom of every utensil. If not obtainable at your dealer's, send ten 2-cent stamps for the one-quart "Wear-Ever" Stewpan and see for yourself why so many women

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Write for booklet, "The Wear-Ever Kitchen" which explains how to improve your cooking.

Northern Aluminum Co., Limited
Dept. 48, Toronto, Ont.

Send me, prepaid, a 1-qt. wine measure "Wear-Ever" Stewpan, for which I enclose 90c in stamps—to be refunded if I'm not satisfied.

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No. 86. Handsome Nottingham Curtains

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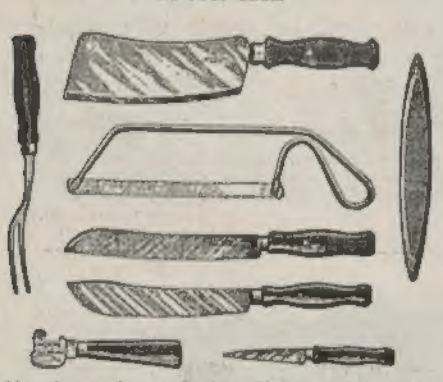
A very handsome and popular pattern of good quality, white Nottingham lace. Size 45 inches by three yards. A good generous size, and a pleasing curtain. Given for securing four yearly subscribers at 75c. each. We pay postage. Get a couple of pairs of fine new curtains now while you can do so very easily.

Big 8-Piece Kitchen Set

Given for securing four yearly subscriptions at 75c. each



Here is a truly wonderful premium, and one that is indispensible to the housekeeper. Useful every day in the year. A kitchen necessity for the discriminating housekeeper with an eye to cleanliness. The set consists of

- 1 Meat Cleaver
- 1 Paring Knife
- 1 Carving Knife
- 1 Bread Knife
- 1 Carving Fork
- 1 Meat and Fish Saw
- 1 Sharpening Stone
- 1 Combination Can Opener

Each piece is fitted with strong rubberized handles that are riveted and warranted to stand any amount of washing in hot water. The blades are warranted solid steel. Every housekeeper is assured of satisfaction from this set. Secure only four yearly subscriptions at 75c. each and the set is yours.

Nickel Alarm Clock

Given for securing five yearly subscribers at at 75c. each

Here is a good, honest, reliable alarm clock that will wake you sharp on time every day of the year. Nickel case, accurate and reliable imported movement with clear melodious alarm. Fitted with a stop switch so that alarm can be instantly shut off. Given for securing five yearly subscribers at 75c. each.

New Pleated Front Vanity Hand Bag

Given for securing four yearly subscriptions at 75c. each

This lovely bag, made of the new Black Pin Seal, has the long shape with flat strap handle and neat French frame. A single pleat running down the front of the bag gives it a style and distinctiveness that you'll appreciate. This fine bag is lined with high grade moire silk. Has a fastened-in concentrating mirror and coin pocket.

Given for securing four yearly subscriptions at 75c. each.

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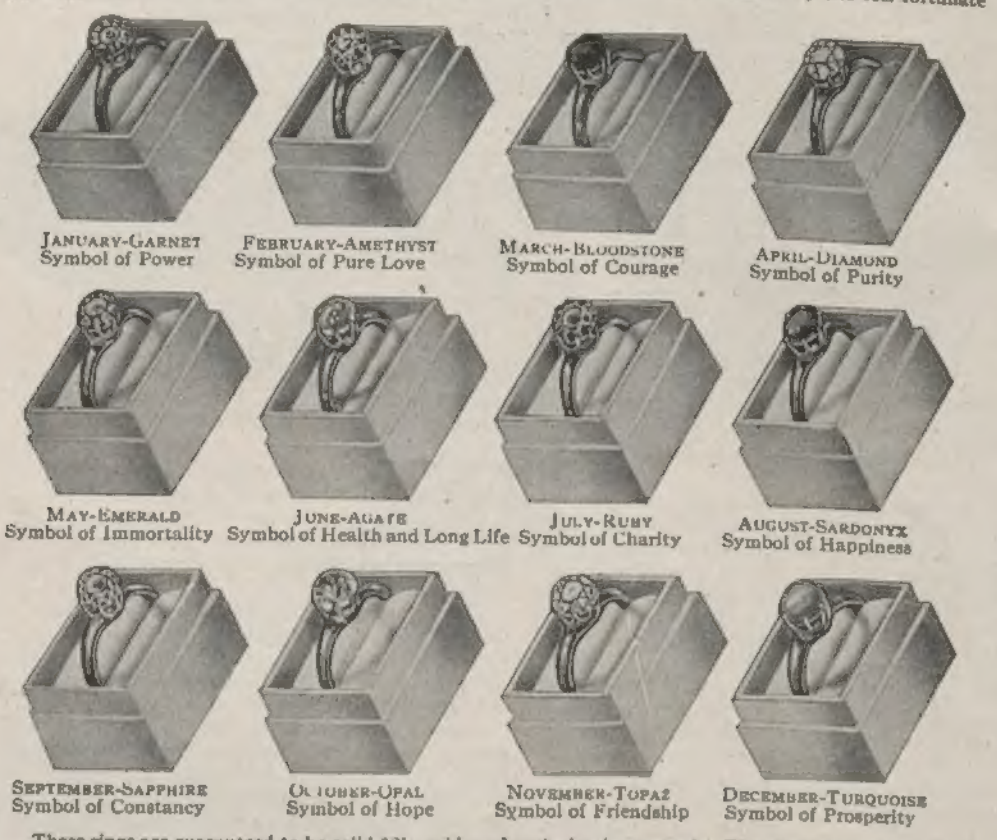
All the premiums shown here were chosen from our new Premium Catalogue. Send a request on a post card and get your copy to-day. Ask about our cash reward plan. It will bring $2.00 to $10.00 a day in return for your spare time only.

No. 100. Solid Gold 10k Birthday Rings

Given for securing four yearly subscribers at 75c each

Fashion decrees that every one should wear a solid gold ring bearing the stone of the month of their birth. But long before even Dame Fashion said so the birthstone ring was considered a necessity for every lady. The old adage said, "Wear your birthstone and good fortune will attend you." That will seem quite correct to you when you see these handsome birthday rings which are pretty enough to make any one feel fortunate who owns one.



JANUARY-GARNET Symbol of Power
FEBRUARY-AMETHYST Symbol of Pure Love
MARCH-BLOODSTONE Symbol of Courage
APRIL-DIAMOND Symbol of Purity
MAY-EMERALD Symbol of Immortality
JUNE-AGATE Symbol of Health and Long Life
JULY-RUBY Symbol of Charity
AUGUST-SARDONYX Symbol of Happiness
SEPTEMBER-SAPPHIRE Symbol of Constancy
OCTOBER-OPAL Symbol of Hope
NOVEMBER-TOPAZ Symbol of Friendship
DECEMBER-TURQUOISE Symbol of Prosperity

These rings are guaranteed to be solid 10k. gold, and each ring is stamped. The settings are hand made and the birthstones good doublets, excepting in the case of the bloodstone and sardonyx, which are genuine stones. We consider our birthday rings one of the best premiums we have ever offered, and you will be delighted with yours. Don't fail to raise your little club to-day and earn yours.

Given for securing only four subscribers at 75c. each. Be sure to state month of birth and give size.

High Grade Fountain Pen Free

Given for securing three yearly subscriptions at 75c. each

Now-a-days a fountain pen is a necessity. This is your opportunity to secure a beauty without investing one cent. This fine fountain pen is made in England by a world renowned firm. Solid gold 14K. nib. Engraved vulcanite barrel and spoon feed. Put up complete with filler. Warranted to give the best of service and satisfaction. It takes but three subscribers at 75c. each to secure this pen. Postage paid.

Handsome Water or Lemonade Set

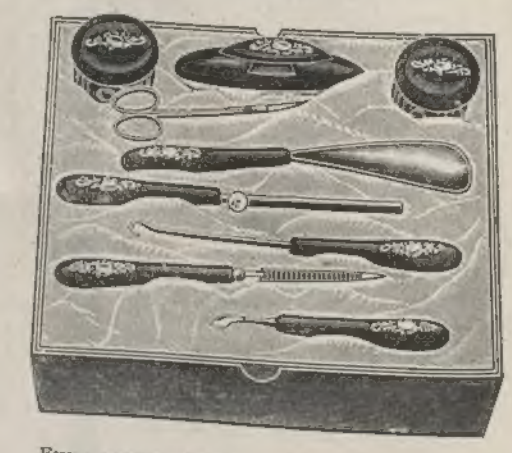
Given for securing four yearly subscriptions at 75c. each

A good water set, serviceable as well as attractive, is needed in every home and in choosing this one for our friends, we strove to get a set that would be serviceable in every day use and at the same time be a handsome ornament for the sideboard or china cabinet. This set is made in a rich and popular cut glass pattern of fine clear crystal. The set consists of a two-quart jug and six glasses to match. It's guaranteed to please you. Given for securing four year subscriptions at 75c. each. We carefully pack each set free. Express charges to be paid by receiver.

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

9-Piece Manicure and Dressing Set

Given for securing eight yearly subscriptions at 75c. each



Every woman who takes pride in her toilet requires a good manicure set. A manicure set is as essential to a ladies' toilet as a comb and brush, and we can recommend this one partly on account of its great beauty as well as its genuine utility. This set is genuine ebony finish, and each piece is nicely decorated with a fancy nickel silver mount. Each set contains bent manicure scissors, file, cuticle knife, nail buffer, salve and pumice boxes, button hook, curling tongues and a shoe horn. A beautiful ornament for your dresser and useful as well as ornamental. A set to be proud of. Given for securing only eight yearly subscriptions at 75c. each. Send 15c. cash to cover postage

Gift Thimble in Presentation Case

Given for securing one yearly subscription at 75c. each

If you have long wanted a finely engraved nickel silver thimble, one to be proud of on public sewing occasions, this is the one for you. Really it is the prettiest thimble we have ever seen, and it was our good fortune to secure a small quantity which we will give away free to the readers of Everywoman's World. Put up in a handsome shell shaped plush case with fine silk lining. A rarity for the lady who is particular about her sewing equipment. Given for securing one yearly subscription at 75c. Postage paid.

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Something You've Always Wanted

A Superior Fancy Work Outfit

Given for securing three yearly subscriptions at 75c each

Just see what this beautiful set contains:—

One large tray, 8 by 17 inches, stamped on imported Irish linen; 6 doillies to match, size 5½ by 5½ inches, stamped on imported Irish linen; one oblong pillow top, size 17 by 21 inches, hand printed on Ecru art cloth; one bone stiletto for punching holes for eyelet embroidery; 10 skeins of white embroidery cotton for working the various designs; 10 embroidery needles (different sizes); three large sheets of superior transfer patterns, size 18 by 24 inches, containing a baby bib; shoes to match, cap to match, also two panels for dress, complete corset cover, also four designs for lingerie; one complete alphabet; 12 assorted sprays of flowers suitable for scarf pin cushion, table cover, etc. Instructions for using are included with each sheet.

The perforated stamping outfit which is included in this outfit consists of:—One shirt waist design (collar and cuffs), one skirt panel and hat to match (hat can also be used for 18 inch centre piece), belt, calendar towel and many designs not shown in illustration, a cake of superior stamping preparation with full and explicit directions for transfering the perforated to cloth without the use of a hot iron.

Included in each set is a complete course in embroidery fancy work, illustrated with all the principal stitches, with descriptions of each stitch, making embroidery so simple that any child can do it.

If you bought each of the above separately they would cost you several dollars. We give the complete outfit for securing only three yearly subscriptions at 75c. each. Postage paid.

Eight thousand tots like these died in Ontario alone last year, the lives of a great many of which would have been saved had their mothers only known.

TEACHING THE ART OF MOTHERHOOD

BY

LYDIA ALLEN DE VILBISS, M.D.
Consulting Expert on Motherhood

WITH the hope that many Canadian mothers may find a little information that may prove valuable to them, I am writing this article. In my estimation there is vitally no difference between American mothers and Canadian mothers and much that I tell here will apply in Canada as well as in United States. To begin with, let me say that instead of urging people to have more children, we should teach them to take better care of those they have.

As a result of investigations made by the Department of Health it was found that nearly eight thousand babies under one year, died last year in the Province of Ontario alone.

You may the better realize just what that means when you consider that eight thousand families comprise a city about forty thousand people—a city about the size of London, Ontario, or Calgary, Alberta.

Then imagine, if you can, what a blighting sweep of suffering and sorrow there would be in such a city if it had annually to bear the distressful burden of a little child's illness and death in every one of its homes, rich and poor alike. Its streets would present the drear and sombre spectacle of a continual procession of funeral corteges, over twenty a day, bearing to the grave these thousands of lives snuffed out before their light had fairly begun to burn, half a century before their time, and mostly for causes resulting from neglect.

For the pity of it all is that most of these baby lives were sacrificed unnecessarily—practically thrown away because of the ignorance of the mothers; because the mothers did not know how to protect them against the illness that caused their death.

This is greviously unfair, not alone to the babies themselves, but to the community and nation in need of strong and healthy citizens; and this is made strikingly obvious in the light of the fact that it has been proved conclusively that almost every ailment of infant life can be prevented.

Prenatal causes of infant mortality, diseases due to improper feeding and commonplace accidents can all be prevented in greater or less degree by proper, intelligent care. And in establishing the office of Consulting Expert on Motherhood as a travelling lecturer-instructor-demonstrator throughout the state; in connection with the Division of Child Hygiene, having in mind the single purpose of teaching the mothers—actual, prospective and potential—the correct scientific modern methods of preparing for the coming, and the later care, feeding and clothing of the baby, the New York State Board of Health has taken a long step in advance. It is a movement that promises the successful accomplishment of momentous improvement and reform in social and physical hygiene and resultant health that has not so far been attempted anywhere else in America; at least along such thorough-going lines.

In 1913 the Division of Child Hygiene organized infant welfare work in twelve localities in the state, which was carried on during the three summer months. During the summer of 1914 this welfare work was extended to thirty-two localities. That this limited campaign was the means of saving baby lives is shown by the fact that there was a resultant drop of 24 per cent. in the infant mortality rate for the summer months of 1914, as compared with the summer months of 1913. The actual reduction was 767 in the number of deaths of infants under one year. The number of deaths for the summer months of 1913 amounted to 4,600; for the same period in 1914 there were 3,833 deaths.

"Instead of urging people to have more children we should teach them to take better care of those they have."—Lydia Allen de Vilbiss.

One of the efforts of the infant welfare campaign managers was the establishment of infant welfare stations in twenty-one cities where previously no work of this kind had been undertaken. These stations are specifically educational centres and their effect is bound to be far reaching.

During August and September of 1914 eight welfare exhibits were shown at 53 county fairs throughout the state. This was found to be the most effective means of bringing to the attention of the rural communities the first principles of public health and preventive medicine. It is estimated that 575,000 people visited these exhibits, which were also shown at the state Fair in Syracuse and at the Industrial Exposition at Rochester. More than 75,000 pamphlets and bulletins on the care of the baby were distributed at these exhibits.

In commenting on the results secured by the campaign of last summer, Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, State Commissioner of Health, exclaimed: "Just think what the saving of 767 babies really means! Seven hundred and sixty-seven mothers saved the sorrow of the loss of their treasured little ones; 767 homes saved the grief, the anxiety and the expense of sickness ending in death; 767 women whose temporary disablement and suffering of childbirth have not been for naught; 767 potential citizens saved to the State!"

Professor Irving Fisher, Statistician of Yale University, computes the actual cash value of a baby's life at $2,000, so that the saving of these 767 babies' lives in 1914, as against 1913, means an actual cash saving to the state of fully $1,534,000. The favorable showing already made has added to the incentive to decrease further the infant death rate, and that it can be done throughout the state is shown by the results accomplished by the campaign against infant mortality conducted by the Board of Health in New York City. In 1907 the infant death rate in New York City was 160 per thousand. As a result of the campaign of mother-education begun in 1908 by Dr. S. Josephine Baker, director of the Bureau of Child Hygiene, the infant death rate for 1913 was 101.9 per thousand, and for 1914 it is estimated at not more than 94 per thousand, which, viewed from the point of cash value alone, resulted in a saving of $132,000 per every 1,000 babies born, in 1914 as against 1907.

The baby health campaign as conducted by Dr. Baker, is largely directed to the teaching of baby care to little mothers by physicians and nurses as a regularly organized class-room work, and it has signally emphasized the value of getting in close touch with the individual, of the personal element in such instruction. This was a pioneer work in the field of child welfare, and has served as an example of what may be done by the State in the education of its actual mothers.

It was for the purpose of getting in intimate touch with the mothers of the State in their home communities that the Department established the office of Consulting Expert on Motherhood, which office I was appointed to fill, and the work of which is now well under way in preparation for the season most perilous to baby life, the summer months.

It is believed by the State health authorities that the infant death rate in New York State should be as low as or even lower than in New York City, and there is every reason to hope that in a few years the efforts of this Department in extending its campaign of education will bring about the desired results.

One of the most ambitious hopes of the promoters of this new work of educating mothers in the intimate details of baby-bearing and care, is that the resultant improvement in conditions will be so prominent and vital to the welfare of the State, that communities in every section of the American continent—and I include Canada—will realize the tremendous value of this educational campaign sufficiently to take active and effectual steps to secure the appointment of travelling "Motherhood Instructors" in connection with the local health departments in every state and province.

Mothers' Clubs, welfare societies, and women's organizations have long been conducting local campaigns in mothercraft, but such efforts have been more or less sporadic and so confined to limited communities, that their efforts have been lacking in evidences of a general betterment, when considered as a national issue in child welfare.

The suggestion is now offered to the members of local mothers' clubs and the various women's organizations, including all societies laboring in the interest of child welfare, that they combine their forces in their several communities and co-operate in an effort, through their state or provincial organizations, to secure the official appointment of a competent and thoroughly qualified woman physician to serve the public in the capacity of

(*Concluded on page 25*)

An interested mother watching demonstrator.

Demonstrator showing how to handle nourishment for a baby.

IF I WERE PREMIER

A Canadian Woman, with a Broad View and a Big Vision, Sets Forth in this Remarkable Article a Plan for the Mobilization of a Big Canadian Army to go out, Right Here in Canada, on an Expedition to Help the Empire Win the War.

I AM a Canadian and an Imperialist, a lover of peace who yet believes that the struggle we are engaged in is a righteous war for freedom; that with right on our side we are fighting for the principles of British government, defending England and the Empire. I make this statement of position to preclude any misunderstanding, for I consider that the policy I have to outline is as Imperial as it is Canadian, as patriotic as it is humane.

What We Have Done

Canada has responded to the call of Empire. A special session of Parliament voted a war loan of 50,000,000 dollars. The foresight of the Premier of British Columbia obtained submarines for the defence of the Pacific Coast. Thirty-three thousand Canadian soldiers are in France; 108,000 men will go before the end, to fight on the battlefield of Europe for Canadian life and Canadian liberty. We have sent wheat and other food supplies to the Belgians; we have subscribed to patriotic funds and to the Red Cross. Whatever we have found to do we have done.

But it is as nothing to the opportunity, the privilege—and the necessity—that is before us.

We Canadians, removed by a generation from even the rumor of war, do not realize the losses entailed by war to the Allies, to Germany and Austria, and, inevitably, to the whole world. The loss of men is chiefest; then comes the loss of their labor, the loss of the material and the labor that have gone into the making of their equipment, the loss of horses, and of crops and buildings immediately destroyed. But the keenest loss to the productivity of the world is the reduction in agriculture due to the absence of farmers from the fields.

Famines

The greatest danger to the Allies, to Germany, to Austria, to the world, is Starvation. This, in time of peace, we never think of as a danger to our civilization. Indeed, we have almost come to take food for granted—a foolish supposition, as an examination of the great wheat producing countries shows. India produces only enough wheat for her own enormous population; it is true India exports wheat, but it is at the expense of her own people, who have died of famine by millions during the past century; it is also true that the production of wheat in India is not increasing, but decreasing, while the population increases. In England, Scotland and Wales, from the 11th to the 19th centuries there were 107 famines; in the last hundred years, two scarcities. In the United States, while the production and the increase in production is great, economists are already discussing what less nutritious grains the large population will eat when wheat is no longer easily available. In France, in Austria-Hungary, in the Balkans, in Spain and Portugal, in Africa, in the United Kingdom the production of wheat has decreased; nor has the supply of rye, used to supplement the wheat foods, increased. Our security about food, of which I have taken wheat as the chief instance, is rather overdone. The world has enough to eat—and barely that—only by constant effort and toil, and by constant increase in food production. Let that effort and increase cease and shortage in food supply would be felt at once and felt keenly.

Famine Still Possible

That shortage faces the world in 1915. In Europe 18,000,000 men are removed from productive occupations, and becoming soldiers, are non-productive consumers. By May there will be 25,000,000 men under arms. They have to be fed. Many of them are from the farming population. In spite of all braggadocio statements as to the resources of the countries at war, no bravado can overcome the fact that this strength is non-productive. To Russia the the world has turned for wheat, to Russia, which increased the production of wheat by one-third in three years; Russia, where there will not be an increase this year, but where it is more than probable that there will be a decrease. The enormous sugar exports of Germany and Austria are not available to the world. The food imports to Great Britain from the Continent, which form a considerable quantity of the total consumption, are rendered uncertain. Horses, which are needed in agriculture, are destroyed in appalling numbers by war, and the longer the war lasts, the greater will consumption of food and wastage of horses, increase against their production.

Demand Increased

Not only is the production in the allied countries less, but the demand has increased—in Belgium, in France, in England. The loss in population due to death in war—1,000,000—is slight in comparison with the total population, and does not affect this argument, for in one year the births in the United Kingdom alone amount to 1,000,000. The consuming, non-producing classes are not only the fighting and wounded men, but also the women and children who have been driven from their homes. These people must be fed. With what? By whom?

SAYS GERMANS FAIL TO GIVE STARVING BELGIANS RELI
32 SHIPS CHARTERED OR NOW ON WAY TO AID BELGIUM
CODY'S TRUE WAR CRY TO CHRISTIAN CHURCH
BELGIAN MERCY CRY BY ARNOLD BENNETT
SHIP FROM CANADA REACHES ROTTERDAM
BAGS OF FLOUR
APPEAL IN GUELPH FOR RELIEF FUNDS
LIGHT LOAF TO MEET WAR PRICE OF FLOUR
MARY GARDEN TELLS OF WAR'S DISTRESS AND HELP NEEDED
ANTHONY HOPE BEGS IN NAME OF BELGIUM
Brave Belgian Mother and Nine Little Children Are Among Those in Opera Singer's Care in Paris
Seven Millions to be Fed, Need a Shipload a Day, and America Must Give It.
"FLEET OF MERCY" AT SEA

We all know what happened to poor Belgium, and how much greater the distress is going to be before the fighting stops in that country. Northern France and Poland are also suffering great distress and hunger. The nations are going soon to invade Germany. The farmers of Russia, of France, of England are in the army of invaders. The farmers of Germany are in the army that is going to defend their country. The result is not hard to contemplate. An immense shortage of food faces all the nations now at war, and the non-combatants are going to be the sufferers. They are going to look to Canada for food. Are we going to be able to supply it? Not unless we act now.

In 1915?

What will happen in 1915? Belgium, under ordinary conditions, imported $80,000,000 worth of wheat. The people whom that wheat fed have still to be fed. France got wheat from Russia. England, Scotland and Ireland got $20,000,000 of wheat from Russia, $36,000,000 from Argentine, $55,000,000 from India, $100,000,000 from United States, and $75,000,000 from Canada. This trade holds only under certain conditions. We cannot tell what changes war may make at any time. The production of wheat and food is less, the demand is as great, trade relations and trade routes are disturbed. It is probable that the war will be a long one; we may expect that it will be. What will happen in 1915?

While the armies on the Continent of Europe are fighting their terrible battles, each one the enemy of the other, there appears on the horizon the grim spectre of an enemy more formidable, more destructive, than any enemy in France and Belgium. He is the enemy of the whole world. His name is Starvation.

Rise in Wheat

It is expected that the price of wheat will rise and keep on rising. The rumor indicates that trade conditions are very disturbed and that a serious shortage is anticipated. This means disaster for all production, for labor, for manufacturing, and for commerce.

Yearly Increase in Food Production Needed

The world looks chiefly to Canada and to Russia to produce its wheat, for it is in these two countries that increase in wheat production is possible on a large scale. Canada's wheat supply was multiplied four times from 1901 to 1911, so that *Canada is now the second greatest new wheat country*, Russia being first. It is to Canada and to Russia that the world looks for the increase in food production necessary to meet present demands. "Russia produces 500 million bushels and will increase the yield to 1,000 million bushels in course of time"—but not under present conditions. "Canada grows something like 200 million bushels and her produce will in time reach the present Russian figures," but not unless the rate of increase is maintained.

No Increase in Canada

Are we going to produce more wheat in 1915 than in 1914? Not unless very special measures are taken, for we shall not under present conditions increase our cultivated acreage as we have in the past, nor will there be an increase in intensive cultivation that might take its place. The usual increase represented on an average 37,000 homestead entries each year for the past seven years. Men have been drafted from the country, more will be taken. The increase to our population by immigration in fourteen years has amounted to nearly 3,000,000. Compared with the first seven months of the year 1912, the number of immigrants to Canada in 1914 from January to July, was less by 50,000. (Since August 1, no figures are obtainable). Immigration to the United States through the Port of New York in 1914 decreased as much, compared with the figures for 1913. There will be no immigration to Canada from Europe until after peace is concluded. Immigration from the United States to Canada will drop off on account of Canada's status as a warring nation. There [illegible] *expect this year the increase in wheat produ[illegible]ken place on the demand of the world's need in the past.*

Yet the world's need is there—the need of the world will be greater than before, and will go on increasing next year and the next, and the next, after the war is ended and peace has come again to us.

Our Vacant Land

Can we in any way meet this need? satisfy this demand? We have the land to produce the wheat, for our land area is nearly four million square miles, which is only partially cultivated along the southern border. In Alberta, taking Alberta as an instance, the arable land is reckoned to be a hundred million acres, of which less than three million is under cultivation. This yielded, in 1912, 64½ million bushels of grain. At the same rate, the total arable acreage would yield 4,300 million bushels of grain. We have the land, land enough for an Empire. Have we the men to sow the seed and reap the harvest?

Men Out of Work

Unhappily, yes. Of our population of eight millions, 60,000 men are unemployed. Even when the third and fourth contingents are recruited, under present conditions, we may expect that the coming of summer will hardly relieve the distress caused by this lack of work. For consider—railroad construction is suspended, factories are shut down, building is stopped. We have heard a great deal of world over-population, of increased cost of living, of unemployment, all told in tones of greatest distress and pessimism, as if they should be accepted as an inevitable part of life. In view of our vast untilled and unpeopled land, to look upon lack of food and lack of work as inevitable conditions in the world, shows worse than cowardice—shows lack of thinking on the part of those who govern and lead. Unemployment is a ghastly ironical comment on civilization.

If I Were the Premier

I would put these men—25,000, 50,000, 100,000—on our land in the west, virgin land ready to plough, and produce the wheat for which the people of the world hold out their hands to us. Consider the possibility: in Alberta alone the rural population of 232,725, farming 391,752 acres, produced 64,465,058 bushels of grain; that means that 50,000 increase in farming labor on increased acreage would produce 12,000,000 bushels more grain. As a

matter of fact, under the policy I have to outline, the labor of 50,000 men would be so applied that the increase would be more than that calculated; moreover, the calculation as it stands does not take into account that the present rural population, 232,725, which is the basis of the calculation, includes the inhabitants of towns and villages, and women and children. 12,000,000 probable bushels is an absurdly low estimate, but, being very low, for that very reason is better to use in this argument.

Constructive Policy

Consider what the increase in wealth would be to the country.

Under present conditions, we are using our wealth—we have to, we want to. We borrowed $50,000,000 to spend in rifles, in artillery, in uniforms, in transportation, and in food for our army in France. Rightly we did so, but that money is gone; ammunition, uniforms, rifles do not return even ammunition, uniforms and rifles. The war loan will not return the investment in money—if it ever does—for a long time. Whereas, money invested in agriculture makes not only food but surplus food, which is wealth. Soldiers are an army of destruction; farmers an army of production. Put a handful of seed into the earth and you get a bushel of wheat. The money that bought the seed is not lost—it is returned an hundredfold.

There is a farm in Saskatchewan, efficiently managed under modern business methods, on which this result has been attained: On one field of 3,000 acres from which the yield was 30 bushels to the acre, the cost of production being $4.80, the profit was $20.00 per acre, or $60,000 from the whole field.

Apply these figures to the instance of Alberta: Comparing the rural population to the acreage in grain, means one person to every ten acres; this is not an adequate allowance for the allowance should be one man to every hundred acres. Even taking these figures of Alberta, 50,000 men farming 500,000 acres, producing 30 bushels to an acre, would produce a profit—*profit*—of $10,000,000. It has been objected that 30 bushels is too high a figure; then take the average production, 12 bushels per acre, with one man per hundred acres, the profit would be $8.00 per acre, or $4,000,000, still a very big profit to take in—four times what we're *spending* now every year to get immigrants.

The Present Stand-Still

We have, through our government, spent millions of dollars on railroad construction to open up the new lands of Canada. By these railroads immigrants were to

This was a scene when the first contingent left for the front. Another contingent is going to leave for the front, and that front is going to be in Canadian wheat fields to grow grain for the whole world. There will be no tears shed then.

come to our country, settle the new lands, produce wheat for the world, pay for the railroads and build up our nation. This future is not for us just now. The immigration is stopped; the railroads are there—an unprofitable investment for the time being—the new lands are there; the world demands wheat—must have wheat. We have the men who could farm these lands. How can they do it?

The connection between men, land and wealth is machinery and equipment. The unemployed men in our country to-day are not in a position to take up homesteads for themselves. They lack money for food—much less could they get the machinery needed to farm. That instance of wealth producing I gave from Saskatchewan was of a farm managed as efficiently as a great business, by a father, a practical farmer with two sons, one a graduate of an agricultural college, the other a keen business man. It was the combination of these different abilities that made their farming successful. The ordinary settler

This is a copy of a cartoon that appeared in Punch. It represents Britannia addressing Holland, a brave little country that is trying hard to accommodate and feed two million Belgian refugees. Britannia says: "My resources are greater than yours, let this service fall on me." Canada should say to Britannia, 'Our agricultural resources are greater than yours let us share a part of this burden."

works under a terrific handicap—lack of capital, lack of business brains, lack of co-operation with others.

We Can Get the Wheat

Can we have 50,000 men producing wheat in the West in 1915? Yes, with the labor organized efficiently as an army, the farming managed as a business, we can produce wheat, grain, and food in 1915, save our country from scarcity, England from famine, be prepared to help feed the world if necessary; and doing all this, make our action a mark of civilization in a year which we had feared meant the destruction of that civilization.

Hon. W. H. Hearst, Premier of Ontario, says: "Two great facts are being brought home to us daily; First, that the Mother Country needs all the food we can supply, and, second, that we need the market which Great Britain's sea power is to-day keeping open for us. Ontario this year must produce more food than ever before. The Department of Agriculture has made this duty and opportunity clear to our farmers."

* * *

The United States is considering stopping the export of wheat, for the European demand is so great that they fear they may be left without wheat for their own need.

* * *

The "big and little loaf" has always played so large a part in British politics that the jump in the price of bread from five pence half penny to seven pence per four pound loaf caused quite a flutter."

* * *

The poor harvest in Australia, and the prospect of the failure in Argentina, strengthen the recent statement of the British Minister that Canada can do signal service to the Empire by greatly enlarged production this year. The Times says: "There will be food, but the price,—the price will be more dependent on the harvest and the fewer number of supply countries than usual."

* * *

Major-General Sir William Otter, in his message to the Canadian people, said: "Above all, measures should be taken to stimulate the production of food stuffs. One of the greatest services which the Canadian people can render to the Empire at the present is to increase our supply of food for the British people. This is at once our duty and our opportunity."

Lesson of War for Peace

War has taught us one lesson—how to gather, equip, and apply a force of men to a given end. In a month 35,000 men were encamped at Valcartier; in a month 35,000 men can be encamped at Edmonton. We have a Minister of Agriculture as we have a Minister of Militia; we have men trained in organization and in the art of agriculture—the railroad builders and the men of the experimental farms; we have the land—it cries for seed; we have the money—a loan for this purpose would yield more than the war loan; we have the machinery waiting in our warehouses; we have the men to labor—they starve for lack of food; we have the market, our Empire and its allies. Let us put the men, 25,000—50,000—on the land in a campaign *organized by the Government to produce food, food and more food.*

We have mobilized an army to fight the visible foe; let us mobilize an army to fight the invisible foe who slays more quickly and more terribly; let us devote an army of men to food production. They must be equipped, organized, and fed; instruments of peace given them instead of weapons of destruction; steam ploughs instead of guns, hoes instead of rifles, harvesting machines instead of bayonets. But let the army of production work as soldiers fight, as grimly, as efficiently, to the same end, the defeat, for the soldiers, of the foe; for the army of production, the conquest of Starvation.

Necessary as it is to kill men in this war, you will acknowledge that to minister to life is a greater privilege, with results farther reaching. The army of production serves life, not death. Therefore, let us recognize the services

IN THE BREAD LINE

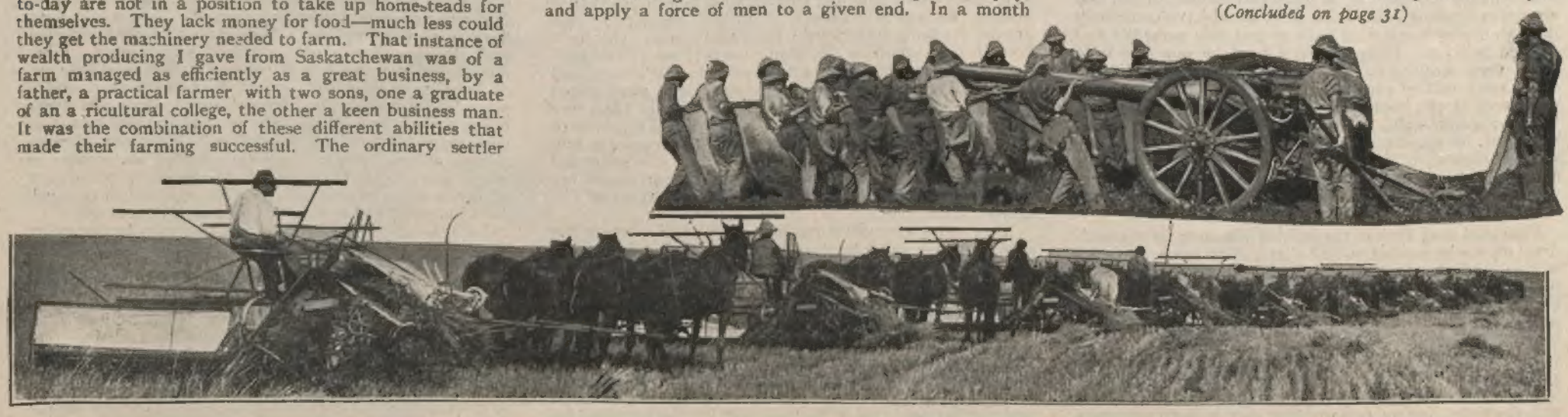
The unemployed problem need be a problem no longer if Canada does the wise thing now. The Minister of Militia has gathered his army to help the mother country fight the Germans. The Minister of Agriculture must now gather his army of men to fight the common enemy "Starvation" right on Canadian grain fields. But he must muster his army in military fashion.

of these men as we recognize the services of the men who are fighting on the Aisne. Their work is for the nation, for the Empire, for humanity. It is worthy not only of the soldier's pay, but of the soldier's honorable recognition. It is patriotism in its highest form.

Results of this Policy

The 12 million bushels of wheat produced by the labor of 50,000 men would feed two million and a half people for a year. This is for wheat alone, and while I have used wheat as the chief instance, the working out of the plan

(*Concluded on page 31*)



Manning the guns and manning the reapers. Canadians know how to die for the Empire; but better still, and nobler, they know how to live for the Empire.—Twenty men to ten. How much more good ten men can do for Britain than twenty men can do harm to Britain's enemies! It would be good strategy to have an army raising wheat as well as an army fighting.

THE DIARY OF A DEBUTANTE

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

DESIGN BY A. B. LISTER

February 26, 19—

NO one seems disappointed at the change of programme. How good everyone is to me! It was all only for my pleasure, and just to have me at home once more is enough for Daddy, Aunt Anne, Stanley and Dick—my "satellites," as Daddy says.

I am so happy about it. Dick and Nellie are engaged! Now I will have a sister, and just the sort that I want. Dick and Nellie will live at home with Daddy and Aunt Anne, while Stanley and I have the dearest little house just around the square. There are some changes being made in it now—the conservatory is at the top of the house—a sensible thing, I think, for the best and brightest of sunshine is there for the flowers, and my studio is to be transferred there, adjoining the conservatory. We will entertain with dances at home—daddy's house, I am now forced to call it, for Stanley says our own little house must be called "home" now.

We are to be married immediately after Lent. Stanley wanted it before, but I want to go through the Lenten season alone. Why? I just can not say—I feel that I want to kneel with my little white prayer book in my hand at service alone, just as I have always knelt—I want to be a girl just this much longer.

A lovely story, by Mary Wilkins Freeman, I think—I found it in an old copy of a magazine—tells of a girl who wanted to wait to see a certain flower at the edge of a swamp bloom just once more before she was married. On her marriage morn, she slipped away to wait for it, as the flower had delayed its blooming. So many springs she had watched for its coming. I know now just how she felt—and yet no one would understand, I could tell this to no one save you, little diary, my confessional.

We were all quite excited upon our return to learn that the long letter received by Nellie when we were abroad, the letter from the lawyer, meant that she was an "heiress." Nellie laughed over the big sound of the term when the pompous little gentleman of legal affairs announced to her that she was an "heiress," that her great-aunt had left her sole possessor of all her worldly goods, and so on. It is no inconsiderable "dot," however, and was a total surprise. Back of all lies a lot of heartache—because there was a difference of religious belief in the hearts of two loving people, the destiny of this little fortune was changed. Nellie whispered to me once that her dear mother had never been wholly happy in her married life because she had displeased her aunt, who had cared for her in childhood, by the marriage she had made. Now the little fortune comes to the great-niece, and Nellie says perhaps the stubborn old lady consoled her last days in the thought that while not seeming to relent, she was, nevertheless, doing the right thing after all. Now there will need to be less frugality in that home of exquisite refinement that has always been so dear to me, Nellie's girlhood home.

Somehow one never thinks of one's own brother being in "love." One's brother never seems quite dignified and important enough to be "in love" and marry. I suppose that is just the way it looks to Dick, too, regarding me. I did not guess that the glad note in Nellie's voice was there because she knew Dick loved her—he had just told her so the evening she came to tell me there were guests for dinner just after she had come to stay with me and help me in my charity work and all that sort of thing. But now it seems quite serious, and Dick seems so much more dignified, and I love to hear him planning for their future.

Yesterday I met Elsie at Lucy's. It did not seem to matter a bit—I am so glad the old hurt is not there any longer. On the way to Lucy's luncheon, Mrs. Selwyn-Brown suggested to me that it was not in the least necessary to mention to Lucy and Elsie that we had been entertained at the Count's shooting lodge, that if our trip abroad was discussed that it might be just in a general sort of way. Of course it was discussed, and Mrs. Selwyn-Brown explained that our change of plan, our return sooner than was expected, was due to the fact my health was not at all good, that the doctor believed that my first season had been too strenuous, that I had needed rest more than recreation.

Lucy told us the Count had written to her several times—that at Christmas time a box with the dearest gifts for all had been received, and raised her eyebrows as she looked in my direction. I wanted to tell her about the little ivory cross, and opened my mouth to do so, but something sealed my lips—I just could not. Elsie mentioned in a drawling voice that they were going over soon after Easter, and intimated that certain old acquaintances would be renewed, leaving me to conjecture that the Count was numbered among these. She prides herself upon her international acquaintances. My hands were cold as they rested on my lap, and I wondered if I had grown pale. That old world life and aristocracy, with which money has nothing to do, seems so near to me, and my understanding of it, I am sure, could have come only through a long line dating back to just that same life and assured position. I suppose it is hard for one who is so very, very wealthy to realize that money has its limitations, since money can accomplish so much. So clearly the scenes at the hunting lodge were before me. I could see its ancient walls, more like a castle than a pastime residence, its picture gallery with all the hunting scenes, and the portrait of the beautiful, stately woman with the wonderful eyes. I could not help but wonder if Elsie would see those things as I had seen them, and I somehow felt that she would not.

I am glad that I am in the whirl of planning for my wedding, my home making and all that. Now every one talks of this, and there is such a settled feeling—it is best, as Stanley said—to let every one know. Poor Stanley. He flaunts himself now with his long suppressed air of proprietorship let loose. I suppose it was really mean that I did not at once wish him to play the engaged man's part, but I did not wish it—Oh, I cannot now stop to puzzle why. That is past—no one may know, unless one reads between the lines of my little diary, and this will never be, for on my wedding day it is to go under lock and key—perhaps when I am old, when I wear a lace cap upon my silvered hair, I may peep in. Will I remember then so keenly? Perhaps it will be like the old play, "Rosemary," the little sprig tucked away for remembrance forgotten by the old man as to who had given it to him fifty years before! Very ardent was that love affair, but only after long groping back in memory he recalled the sweet girl from whom he had parted. And here between the pages of my dairy I will fasten a spray of rosemary, I think I shall always remember.

March 3, 19—

The things that we purchased abroad have arrived. I had no idea there was such a store of them. Shopping is always surprising in results. A shopping tour abroad

is a sort of rolling stone affair, gathering moss, however, instead of losing it. A bit picked up here and there, and added to along the way soon fills boxes and trunks. I must, though, blame such ruthless extravagance upon Mrs. Selwyn-Brown. Daddy, it seems, told her to prepare me for the world, and not for a nunnery, that he had always thought of girls as sort of butterfly things and he was not prepared through inclination or training to cope with the serious creature his daughter had developed into. "Why," he said one morning, as he had come to my studio with Mrs. Selwyn-Brown and Nellie, "I verily believe she is up here working, believing that she has to toil in that old wet clay for a living, when all my life I have been working from morning until night that she might live like a grand duchess, if she liked!"

Dear Daddy. It is impossible to make him see that art is exacting, that art is only to be satisfied through expression. Some one told him I was really gifted, and he said he was glad of that, but it was enough to be gifted without slaving from morning to night to prove it to other people. And yet I catch Daddy every little while lugging home some beautiful piece of work that someone has taken him to see, the result of a visit to some poor artist's studio. He has just given a commission for the painting of my portrait, and sittings are to begin within a few days. Is it not this love of art, this appreciation of art that is finding expression through Daddy's daughter? But Stanley is taking me seriously, I am glad to say. Our little house is planned all for me, Stanley says it must "express" me. In the music room we have put Mumsie's harp, and I have begun my lessons under one of the most gifted teachers. I have done well with the violin, and I feel sure the harp will not be a serious task for me. The piano to me is the least sympathetic of all musical instruments, and I cannot, therefore, care so much for it. I can never tell a story through the keys of the piano. The strings of my violin sing for me, the tones are so nearly those of the human voice.

Mentioning the violin reminds me of Italy, where the violin always seems most at home, and this takes me to the little houses along the roadway leading out from Florence, where the beautiful laces are made.

I have been so delighted in looking over the lovely flounces and other pieces that Mrs. Selwyn-Brown purchased for me, and a letter came with them saying my wedding veil was well under way. The flounces will fairly cover my wedding gown, which has already been planned. Mrs. Selwyn-Brown has such wonderful taste, and she declares that I care so little for clothes that she does not dare leave things to me for fear that on my wedding day I will find that I neglected to have my gown finished and might appear in a walking dress. But I think she is only pleased to let me shift the responsibility. Indeed, I heard her say to Daddy and Mr. Selwyn-Brown that she was having a most beautiful time, because it had always been one of her dreams to have a daughter just so she could get up a trousseau for her.

I am busy enough, though, in helping Nellie. We have done no end of shopping, and I have an idea that her trousseau, while less costly in certain details than mine, will be quite beautiful. Nellie is that thing adored of dressmakers, "stylish." She can wear a bow with such an air of elegance that the bow always seems grateful, and never seems commonplace though it may be worn to a frazzle when it is taken from her gown. I must always be ready made. I can lend nothing to my clothes. The poor things must supply it all themselves. I am not "smart." I like flowing lines when fashion says they must be straight and "narrow in effect," and I just shut my eyes to the ugliness and let them array me as they will. There is one thing that I insist upon, all sorts of things in white. I love soft white gowns and wraps and furs and scarfs. I can think better when I am wearing white than in anything else.

March 8, 19—

I think a girl gives up a good deal when she becomes engaged her first season out. Of course, I would not have things changed, but since the society columns of the papers have announced that I am to be one of the brides of Eastertime, I already feel like a retired "bud," that I have already assumed matronly dignity. My "beaus" as Daddy calls the men of our set, have fallen off, or stand aloof. Stanley marches up with an air of ownership, just delightful to see, and I trot meekly by his side. Daddy even has resigned me to him. It makes me lonesome sometimes, and I want to cry out, "Oh, Daddy, I do not want to be anything in this world but your little girl." But it is a woman's duty to marry—I suppose it is, yes, it must be. It would disarrange things greatly if I were not to marry. It is the logical order of things. I know Stanley adores me, and what more could a woman want? And yet, and yet—I must banish it. I cannot help, though, wishing to be only *myself*. Perhaps in after years, when I had accomplished a great deal, that I may never be able to accomplish with the burden of wifely duties, I might wish to marry. I expect, though, every woman has felt this way—just a longing to hold to the freedom that is hers. But one owes such large duties to others. One must not think only of oneself. "When I die, girlie," Daddy said soberly the other evening, "I will know that you are always sheltered and guarded from life's hardships—and money cannot keep them all away—by Stanley, who is a man, every inch of him. I am very happy in the present plans—a lovely new daughter to be added to my household, and a splendid new son. If Mumsie were only here with is now—" And Daddy's voice trailed off into silence.

"Do you know," he presently continued, "when Mumsie promised to marry me that I was too poor to buy her a diamond ring? The better times came some years later, when through inheritance, a little fortune came to me and well invested brought such returns as made the future pretty secure, though not without hard work—as you know, I never spend a day away from the office as yet, but I am going to pretty soon, pretty soon.

"The little ring that I gave Mumsie had just a wee bit of a pearl in it—see, it is here in this scarf pin which I always wear."

Daddy bent down for me to see the little thing, set about with a wreath of tiny leaves.

"I shall never forget how much I wanted to buy her a beautiful diamond ring, and how delighted I was when I felt my income would permit of it. Later I bought her many diamonds—like you, she loved the clear white stones, but neither of us, I am sure, ever felt such a thrill of delight as we did over that little first diamond ring. We had been married some years then, but were sweethearts still.

"Our households were not of the aristocracy of wealth, but the uniting of the two families by marriage was an important thing, for it brought together once more two ancient lines, as your marriage with Stanley will do, and this is one thing which pleases me so much about it. You have cared for each other since childhood, and it has always been one of my dearest wishes that this friendship might ripen into love, as it has."

There is much, very much more about marriage than mere romance—I see that all now. Society, the home, rests upon such contracts, and the wishes, yes, and the hearts, of more than merely two people are to be considered. In my own quiet joy at taking my place in the long line of honored wives, I am glad in the thought it is all just as Daddy wishes. I could not do a thing to grieve his heart.

The week has simply been filled with things to do—practical things, and I find my little experiences in housekeeping quite put to the test, and I wonder what I would do if I had not had a bit of training in the past few months. Not long ago—and kitchen equipment to me would have been a perfect mystery. Now I find myself ordering and planning like quite a seasoned housekeeper. I am always conservative in such matters I think, and I do not do any experimenting. When I come to a doubtful place I at once seek Mrs. Selwyn-Brown who never seems beyond reach nowadays. She is the most important of personages at present, for she takes Nellie in tow at times as well as me. Nellie has always spared her mother in every way, both because she is the more self-reliant nature and because her mother is never equal to much exertion, and most dependent upon those about her.

Nellie laughingly says that she is having by far the easier time in her wedding preparations, as she is going to step into a ready made home, and I think it most lovely of her that she wishes me to understand she intends to make no changes, that everything about the place is so dear to her—it is all just as we have known it since we were little children. The ball room is to be ours in common. Together we planned that, and my house is not large enough for dancing. Its four floors go straight up, only two rooms deep each, a little white and gold elevator taking one up to the top floor, which is the conservatory and my studio. The dining room and kitchen are on the floor just below,

(*Concluded on page 33*)

ALICE JOYCE

In a Drama of Everyday Life

HER SUPREME SACRIFICE

By E. M. WICKES

WHEN Gordon Eames eloped with Ora Winton, the pretty stenographer, and married her, despite his wealthy father's objections, he made his wife too happy to peer into the future with its cares. Gordon was sanguine regarding his parent's final blessing, but when a year had passed and no word had come from his father, he began to lose hope. Ora noted the gradual change in Gordon, which kept her in a fretful suspense. A year after their wedding the baby, Donnie, came; and while he brought joy to her heart, she realized that he would make their struggle a trifle more difficult. However, she felt he was worth the extra care and trouble.

Gordon had been fortunate in securing a position as secretary to Cranford Hale, but the salary did not suffice for everything, and as soon as Ora experienced the pinch of limited funds, she offered to do copying at home. Gordon protested for a time, but she finally won him over.

"It will only be for a short time, dear," she said with her arms around Gordon's neck, "and besides, it will be an excellent way of disposing of my spare time."

For six months she typed, attended to her household duties, and was always ready to meet him with a loving kiss and a tempting meal when he returned from business. She sang at her work, hoping that for Gordon's sake a change for the better would come. For herself she cared little, as her husband's love and Donnie were sufficient to make her happy.

Gordon had fallen into a brooding habit, giving her the impression that he was silently soliliquizing over his father's continued silence, and possibly regretting his marriage. With an aching heart she watched him week after week, and when she was unable to stand it longer, she went to him one evening, put her arm around his neck, and said:

"Gordon, dear, something must be worrying you, for the old smile that used to fill my heart with sunshine and gladness has turned to a dark frown. Won't you tell me and let me share your troubles?"

Gordon raised his eyes and smiled weakly.

"It's just business worries, Ora. They come and go, and it would be foolish for you to bother your pretty head about them."

Ora sighed and remained silent, feeling that he desired to keep his trouble to himself. Perhaps later he would take her into his confidence.

The following morning a letter fell from the pocket of a coat of his she was about to hang up. Picking up the letter she looked at the imprint on the envelope, which was that of his father's attorney. Her first impulse was to return it, but surmising that the contents were in some way associated with her husband's depression, she felt that as his wife she was entitled to read the letter. Her worst fears were confirmed, for the letter stated that Gordon's father had been taken ill, and that if the son desired to return alone he would be welcomed back.

Weak and trembling, Ora dropped to the couch and wept. Gordon would be loyal to her, she was positive, but she wondered if she were doing right in keeping him from his father and the luxury to which he had been accustomed. The struggle for an existence had probably robbed his romance and marriage of their glamour and caused him at times to regret his apparent folly. It did not seem possible that her love and little Donnie could make up for his loss, and her only course would be to free him and give him an opportunity to go back home. To go on living with him day after day would be more than she could bear. Her beautiful dream had been shattered by stern reality and she must not try to delude herself any longer. She brooded and philosophized until her thoughts turned into a chaotic jumble. Then she put on her hat and went outdoors, hoping the sunshine and fresh air would calm her troubled spirits.

Once upon a time a rose that Gordon had placed in her hair gave her far greater joy than the flowers before her, that seemed devoid of all perfume.

Gordon stood like a man turned to stone, but Hale was too much concerned with his new acquisition to note any difference in Gordon. In fact, Hale paid so much marked attention to Ora that he was oblivious of Gordon's existence.

"My darling boy," she murmured, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

Ten minutes later, while crossing a wooden bridge that spanned a lake in a park, she stopped to gaze into the clear, crystal water. It looked so inviting with its power to end all her worry, that for a moment she remained there dreaming. Suddenly she felt something slide from her neck and the next instant she saw her necklace and locket strike the water and shoot to the bottom. The water was not deep, but they were beyond the reach of her arm.

"Oh, how will I ever get it!" she exclaimed.

Before she had time to formulate a plan, an elderly gentleman was standing at her side.

"Can I be of any service?" he asked, raising his straw hat.

Ora glanced up. He had such a kind, fatherly face that she felt immediately drawn to him.

"My necklace just dropped into the lake," she said.

"That's unfortunate, but it won't trouble you long," he smiled, as he bent over to fish out the necklace with his cane.

"Thank you ever so much," she said, taking from him the necklace and locket which he had dried with care.

"I am glad to have been of some service," the old gentleman remarked, offering his card. "Should you ever need a friend don't hesitate to call on me."

She thanked him and waited on the bridge until he had gained the street. As she faced about to return, the card slipped from her fingers and fluttered to the lake, and she had not even read the name on the card. She regretted her loss, but knew it was out of the question to notify the old gentleman of the incident.

"Old Hale met some young beauty in the park to-day," Gordon remarked that evening as she sat doing some typing. "Seems he fished out a necklace from the lake for her. And he's been talking about her beauty all afternoon."

"And do you know who the beauty was?" she asked, thinking to coax him into a cheerful mood.

"No," he answered indifferently.

"She was your own little Ora."

"You?" he queried with puckered brows. "Why he believes you're unmarried and vows to wed you!"

"But how can he when I'm married to the only man I'll ever love?"

"I don't know. But somehow people with money can do a great many things. My dad and his money have been able to make my life miserable."

Ora stifled a sigh. Considering it unwise to dwell on the subject, she turned to her work, and Gordon resumed his self-communing.

Through the entire night she lay awake trying to map out a definite course for the future, and when morning came she had her mind made up to go away, secure a divorce and enable him to go back to his father. To leave Donnie behind would be another blow, but she had no alternative. In the end Donnie would be better off.

On the following morning as soon as Gordon had left for the office, she packed a bag and then wrote a note telling Gordon of her decision to obtain a divorce. Having finished with this, she went to Donnie's room, caressed him several times and finally started on her mission.

Two days later, while seated in an unpretentious boarding house she came to realize that a divorce would cost money, and as she had very little money at the time, she knew that an immediate divorce was out of the question. She would have to secure a position and save all she possibly could. While looking over the "want" column of a morning paper she saw an advertisement that called for an intelligent stenographer, and she immediately set out to apply. On reaching the place she found it to be a photographer's studio.

"You would make a better model than a stenographer," her prospective employer remarked, scrutinizing her from head to foot. "That is, I mean, you would make more money, and the work would be much easier."

"But I never posed as a model," Ora sighed, feeling a golden opportunity was slipping away.

"There's nothing difficult about posing," the photographer replied. "The figure is the essential thing, and you're just the kind of a model I need. I can easily find a stenographer. I have just received a large order and would like you for a model."

"And how much would the model's position pay?" Ora inquired, hope growing strong within her.

The man toyed with his Van Dyke for a moment, while he thought the matter over.

"I have an idea," he smiled, "that you could act as model and stenographer. I'll pay you six dollars a day. What do you say?"

When Ora recovered her breath she gladly accepted the offer and immediately began. Her employer arranged to have her attend to the stenographic work in the mornings and pose in the afternoons. When he learned from her that she was alone in the city, he took quite an interest in her, and even insisted that she occasionally dine with him and his family. Ora felt deeply grateful to him for his kindness, and never had an occasion to resent a look, word or act of his. To her he was like a father and brother combined.

For five months she worked early and late, preferring to remain after hours, rather than to go home and brood. She derived a great deal of pleasure from her employer's appreciation of her work; but that was all. Work itself meant nothing—it was merely a means to an end—all for a set purpose, a sacrifice.

At the end of five months, deciding that she had enough money to obtain a divorce she notified Mr. Allen, her employer, that she would have to leave. He pleaded with

(*Concluded on page 34*)

MY BELOVED MOTHER

AS A GIRL OF FIFTEEN SEES HER.

I ADORE my mother. She is very beautiful and because she likes to wear white, even though her dark hair is turning gray, she comes to meet me in a white frock, and takes my two hands in hers and lifts her face—her dear, tired face—to me to be kissed. That is one thing I wonder about my mother—if ever she kissed anyone. Always she waits for me to kiss her.

There are a great many things girls never know about their mothers. The reason is that always they think of them as their mothers, never that they were girls, never that they are women, or even persons, but just that they are "mother." That is really very selfish and wicked of them. Mothers are to blame for this, although no one ever blames them because that is what it is to be a mother.

When I think about my mother as if she were another person—some one who wasn't my mother—she seems even more wonderful. She lives just for others; tirelessly she serves other people. When our family rise in protest—for even our family is not all selfish—mother just patiently waits for our protests to die away—and goes on just the same.

This sounds as if I thought my mother the most wonderful mother in the world—and so I do. Her strength never fails; her self-control is as marvellous as her endurance. Yet she is as shy as a girl and blushes pink at compliments. Although she is always gracious and polite to people who may be in our house, her reticence is so great that it extends over a great deal I should like to know.

My grandmother was like this, too. When I tell my mother how wonderful I think she—my mother—is, mother smiles and says, "My mother" (meaning my grandmother) "was the best woman I have known." That is exactly what I think now of my mother, and if this chain has continued far enough back, I think there must have been some woman some time who came from heaven—think how very perfect she must have been.

But she knows people, although she doesn't always express her opinion. She has let me blunder on with people I liked, wisely, I suppose, letting me find out for myself how worthless they were. And all the time if I had noticed I might have known what she thought, for if mother can't praise she says nothing. However, I have heard her say to father that he shouldn't trust this man or that. Dad, with his blundering masculine wits wanting to know why, mother would just shrug her shoulders. There's no reason, but mother is always right, as both Dad and I have found.

Her wit and humor I don't know much about, although she is witty and bright and gay, for her love of fun was one of the sacrificial offerings made to my father's sense of sobriety and the fitness of things. Why? Why? Oh, why? But, then, of course, we live to-day. And besides, this sounds too much like criticism.

She settles questions very quickly in the feminine way of applying an immediate remedy ito a particular case. Workmen working in our house are always given hot tea and coffee and the use of the kitchen stove. I have never known my mother to attend a temperance meeting, but she accounted for the hot drinks by saying briefly, "They can't drink both hot coffee and liquor at the same time." Which is sense.

Our house is managed in the same quiet, efficient way. Mother settled the servant problem by never having maids except when there was so much to do she couldn't do it all. She said servants were more bother than they were worth. But then, of course, her standard of house-keeping is rather high,—so high that I am afraid she classes me with the maids.

Two other characteristics mark her household management: there is never any gossiping or any disputing. Gossip I never hear except at other girls' houses and not much there, for I don't like it—it really makes me uneasy. In our house, if visitors attempt to talk scandal or waste time in gossip, mother stops it before it begins in some way or manner she has.

As for disputing, of course we have perfectly awful rows—do you know any boys or girls who don't? But as far as my father and she are concerned, my mother never could see any occasion for disputing—consequently no question is ever raised.

It's quite nonsense, I think, about the modern woman being new; I believe all women who have done things or got things done in the world are the same. Think how clear-headed my mother is about my education. My brother used to say, "Can't Helen do this or that for me?" Mother would say, very firmly, "Helen has no more time for housework than you have. She has to work exactly as you do; her studies are the same. She is not to be hampered by doing housework." That is what famous women who have educated girls have written in books on education, but my mother worked it out for herself.

Can you guess what flowers my mother likes best? Of course, sweet-peas, mignonette and all the sweet old-fashioned flowers that grow informally in gardens. As for her other tastes, one has to dig to find what they are, so completely does she efface herself. She has always liked best what Dad or we wanted. But I know that she prefers Louis XV. furniture and chintz to den stuff and leather. In dresses, she likes to wear gray and mauve besides the white. We have such fun at the dressmaker's for I like to plan my mother's frocks now. Mother listens patiently and lets herself be fitted no end, and then says quietly, "Is this your revenge for my having got your dresses for fifteen years?" Then we laugh and mother modifies the style.

As for us—pouf! It's very hard on us to have to admit it but it is an open laughing secret in our family that mother likes us better grown up and half grown up than she did when we were babies. I think she is so strong she doesn't like weakness in any form. But as for care, all our relations, not to mention the family doctor—rise up and chorus, "Such healthy children." My Aunt descends on us and says to me, "You let your mother do too much for you. You must stop it." "What can I do, Aunt?" I protest. She says, "Your father should stop it." Then I giggle at the idea of anyone—even my father—getting my mother to change her mind once she had made it up. All I can do is be grateful for all the devotion and sacrifice, the patience and sympathy my mother has put into my life—for what would it be without these? And so, I worship my mother.

AS A BOY OF FIFTEEN SEES HER.

POOR MA! Come to think of it now, she had a pretty tough time raising me—of all the family to have caused mamma all the anguish and despair she must have suffered during the early period of my existence, and perhaps even now, poor dear, sweet mamma may be lying awake at night wondering what kind of hero or rogue her son may turn out to be, whether it is worth while sending me to high school or down town to an office to struggle away at figures in some ugly big ledger. To be a mamma and especially my mamma must be a job that sorely tries the patience. But don't worry, mamma, your darling son has secret ambitions of his own. When he gets out of high school he is going to bring honor to you and the whole family and give your declining years a whole lot of peace and happiness, if all goes well, and you will be amply repaid for all the anxious and despairing moments spent upon your youngest child—that's me.

There are six of us in our family—two girls and four boys. Everyone is older than I am, and being the youngest, I suppose Ma looks for remarkable things in me, as she did in the oldest as a boy. But alas, and alak! poor patient Mamma received her first jolt when I was but six. That momentous sixth year was the turning point in my career, and Mamma did the turning. It was really the first consciousness I had of Mother as an individual with an inalienable right to govern me and govern me sternly.

It happened one day that Ma, in her quiet, unobtrusive way, opened the drawer of a big ugly cupboard in our kitchen and went searching through a lot of more or less rubbish that accumulated in what was really a depository for everything. Of course, being inquisitive, I had to help Mamma find what she was looking for, so I helped her rake over the rubbish. Soon she removed an old shaving strop with the metal pieces off and withdrew to a back room with me at her heels. Arrived there, she took a seat and invited me along side of her. In her very quiet and unobtrusive way she informed me that quite by accident she had discovered that I had not been at school for a whole month—that I had been playing hookey—that it was wrong of me to deceive her and myself and my teacher—that it must not occur again—that it would not occur again if she could help it, and so she turned me around. This was the turning point in my career, for with the aid of the shaving strop which she doubled up in her hand, she applied in a practical way to my rear the admonition she had directed to my face.

Mamma seemed much perturbed. This all happened at night. The next morning Mamma put on her hat and cloak and marched me off to my class, which was just assembling. She sat me down in one of the front seats while she spoke with my teacher in an undertone. By and by the teacher beckoned to me to come up to her desk. I approached with much trepidation. She and Mamma both spoke kindly to me, and in a few moments I was standing in front of the class, my eyes full of tears, and in a trembling voice, almost inaudible, I had to ask the class, my teacher and my mother to forgive me for playing truant and promise never to do it again. A better punishment wise mamma could not have found. Timid by nature, it would have been an ordeal for me to have stood before the class in ordinary circumstances, but, disgraced, it was terrible! so she has often told me, but me—her heart must have been broken.

After the above mentioned episode, Mamma, by a clever knack, did not permit me to bear a bit of resentment against her. On the contrary, my love for her grew immensely, until to-day I think there's not another woman in the whole wide world as true, as loving, as tolerant, as mindful of her duty to us and to everyone else. Her hair is beginning to gray now, and I begin to hope that I may not lose the chance of some day paying her back for all her tender care of me.

Mamma is most independent—I mean independent in spirit. She will not allow anyone to do anything for her that she can do for herself, nor will she ever put herself under obligation to anyone if she can possibly avoid it. I remember one day she was soliciting alms for the church. She was offered a cheque for $50.00 by a man who wanted his name mentioned as largely as possible, and who seemed to give Mamma the impression that he was obliging her by giving it because he imposed so many conditions upon it. Mamma promptly but politely refused the cheque, but in order that the fund would not be without the proferred amount, she made it up out of her own savings and put it on the list under some other name.

If Mamma had been a man, I believe she would have made a dandy army commander. Not that she is always giving orders, but she has such an imposing air about her that really one cannot help but admire her. If one of us does something that displeases her or causes her distress, we can all feel the discomfort she is suffering, and we can almost anticipate what she is going to say, although it may be but very little. But that little is directly to the point. Never, never, have I known her to rebuke Dad in front of any of the children—there are three of us at home now, the other three having been married. Nor does father criticize or rebuke her in front of us, although I have frequently heard them in their bed-room holding forth in a wordy argument, where most of the words come from Dad. You can always distinguish Mother's even, quiet voice as it utters words each one of which seems to have a meaning and each one of which is uttered with the greatest seeming deliberation. Under the greatest stress she is always calm and clear-minded, but I have seen her cry after having disposed in her own way of some momentous worry. Yes, indeed, Mother could have commanded an army, she could have managed a great business, she could have ruled a state. As a diplomat I don't think there is a woman her equal. While she is not a friend who acts with an ulterior motive in everything she does, yet she is tactful and diplomatic in her relations with others. No one has ever to my knowledge caught her napping.

An indefatigable worker, she inspires all of us with a spirit of up and doing. Laziness she abhorrs, and will not tolerate. If one of us shows signs of failing in an attempt, Mother is right at us to carry it through. "You must not fail," she says. "Cowards fail, but not real men and women." She is the first one out of bed in the morning and the last one in at night, nor does she retire before she sees that everything and everybody is well. A spirit indomitable and a will of iron carry her through everything.

ST. VALENTINE COMES TO THE NORTH

BY LORRAINE TAYLOR

Illustration by Howard Edwards

AN acrid smell of paint came over the curtains. Hastings got up and went to the doorway.

"I say, you must like to get up early in the cold to paint. What are you doing now?"

With three pots of paint on the floor, the Italian was painting the green strip on a square board—the white strip and the red were already painted. Tony was being very careful not to put a finger mark on the finished paint.

"It is the flag Italian," he explained to the disgusted Canadian.

"And does that mean I've got to spend the morning doing a Jack to put up with your flag?"

"The ensign Canadian is more one color," Tony made the helpful suggstion in the interests of peace.

"I'd still have the Jack in the corner to do." Hastings strode across the room and began to dump buckets of thawed ice water into the enamelled tub in the tiny wash room.

"What a country! Oh, I say, what a country!" he muttered.

"Have you no flag Canadian?" asked Tony.

"Not one bally flag left—no flag, no country, no——" he spluttered over the word "girl."

"When the post comes, you can requisition one," Tony continued.

When the mail man came! No. It was a country where the mail man never would come. No letters since Christmas. The mail should have come in a week ago. He had thought the letters would have come by the fourteenth of February—by the fourteenth at least. There was nothing in the whole world but Tony who painted Italian flags when there was nothing else to do; an axeman who had to be sworn at; and a cook—well, the cook relieved the situation—he was the bright spot in the combination.

If only the Chief would get back, they could go on with the calculation. But they had waited a week for the Chief. Hang having nothing to do! He would have breakfast. It was the morning of the fourteenth. Surely the mail would come in.

Hastings splashed cold water to the window pane, where it froze instantly.

When he came out into the main room again, he looked at the stove, which was red-hot.

"Is it colder, Tony?"

"Sixty."

"Lord. Yesterday 58 below. Will the spring ever come in this country? Why don't we build a railroad to the Pole?"

He opened the door, humming, "To the Pole, to the Pole."

It *was* cold. He drew down the flaps of his cap and made a dash for the cook-house.

Instantly, a score of dogs of all sizes jumped around him.

"Down, Beauty, I say."

His favorite turning, snapped at the other dogs. Hastings regarded her disapprovingly. "Bad manners, Beauty, horribly bad manners, you brute."

Beauty crouched against his leg.

At the bluster of his coming and the rush of cold he brought in, the cook turned from his big stove to welcome him.

"Hungry, sir?"

"One pound of bacon, one pound—no less; I tell you, Mason, you've got to eat to live in this country. You wouldn't get away with it, without—or from it."

Silence for some moments until Hastings had got to the maple syrup and the fourth cup of coffee.

"Is the telephone still down, Mr. Hastings?"

"Lord, yes, we're marooned, cut off from the world—nothing to do till the mail comes in—life of luxury, Mason."

The cook grinned.

"Man from Joe's camp at Seven Creek says they'll blow themselves to Hudson Bay if they get much more careless with the dynamite."

"Who's in charge there now?" asked Hastings.

"Joe went out with the Chief, sir. There's no one much in charge."

"There's a foreman," said Hastings, sharply.

"Well—sir—" the cook hesitated.

"Out with it," said Hastings, "do you mean he's got something to drink?"

"Oh, no, sir, but he's not much with some of the men."

Hastings gave it up.

"I'll go over this morning if I can get through."

He broke out of the cook-house grinning.

"Whiskey," he said, "there's no whiskey in all the blooming land."

He looked about him. The log buildings of the Residency—the office, bunk-house, cookery, and store-house almost buried under the snow, with the deep-dug paths between. Around, the spruce trees stood black against the gray sky. Straight through the dark ranks of trees ran one of the Chief's first trial lines—Hastings looked down the white path to the lake expanse beyond

"Snow," he said. "It's going to snow. Oh, Lord, what a country, what a country." For seven weeks he had waited for a letter which might not come.

When he entered the Residency, the Italian had put on the Victrola. Vibrating through the rough untrimmed rafters went the rich Italian notes of the aria from I *Pagliacci*.

"Caruso again," objected Fred.

Tony regarded him darkly.

"He is the finest tenor in the world—that man."

"Yes, so I've heard you say before. 'Annie Laurie' is a better song than that—Oh, Lord man—"

Said Tony, "The opera—you have no regard for it in this country. That is one of the finest songs in the world. Now, 'Annie Laurie'," he gesticulated, "that is a pretty song, oh, yes, but you say, for no reason apparently, 'I would lay me down and die'."

"Well, that's all right," insisted Hastings. "In your songs it's the women who die."

"Oh, leesten," implored the Italian.

The magnificent voice sent the last notes over the still cold of the northern land.

"Yes, I know, old man, it gets you. But 'Annie Laurie' is safer."

"Safer?" Tony queried. "What do you mean by safer?"

"I don't know—I'm going up to Joe's. They're fooling around with dynamite up there—ought to let them blow themselves up, eh?"

Tony's dark face wrinkled to a grin.

The Italian had put on the Victrola.

"Caruso again," objected Hastings.

"He's the finest tenor in the world," replied Tony.

Hastings came back with "Yah, Annie Laurie's a better song than that."

"Oh, no."

"Well, keep the fire going. Lord, it's cold."

"That Beauty—she bites at the dogs," said Tony, following him out. "She is not so good a leader as she was."

"I know. I'll fix her." Hastings shook the harness, and his dogs jumped for joy.

Beauty came to lead. Hastings looked at her.

"No, Beauty, you'll go back to-day and learn to behave Buster, here."

Beauty, degraded from the leadership, whimpered at the end of the line.

"Maybe the letters come to-day," remarked Tony.

"Oh," exploded Hastings, "is letters all you've got to think of? Go and play with the Teddy Bear—Mush," he said to his dogs, "mush on."

Dogs and man took the trail to the north-west.

Tony went to see the Teddy Bear.

"He is one fine man, Ted Hastings, but his nerves, to-day they are bad," he confided to the wrinkled nose of the little brown bear. "He does not take a whip for his dogs. He is good. But he does not like my Caruso—not since Christmas does he like my Caruso."

"Safer? 'Annie Laurie' safer?" The man with the sled going to the north-west laughed. Then for the hundredth time the scene on Christmas went across his mind.

They had had a lot of opera—too much!—with Tony playing on his violin, and singing. That had made the atmosphere—had, so to speak, got him going. On Christmas Eve, Rainer, the Chief, had discoursed slightly—and slightingly—on girls.

"You say it's a poor job up here. Out at the front they're having the Christmas dances and the office chaps are dancing with the girls you like best. All I can say is, this is a good place to save money in. But you chaps, you want to go down to Quebec and spend all you make—flowers, candy, sleighs, then it's yours for the North and a life of solitude. Oh, I tell you, girls are all right to spend money on."

Fred's resentment at Rainer's sneers had been the last straw. Jean wasn't like that. To be sure, she had said Good-bye apparently unmoved; yet he felt that she cared, knew quite humbly but very surely that she did. He had her last friendly little letter in his pocket and he put his hand on it as Rainer, having finished speaking, puffed again at his pipe.

That, and the opera, and the cold, and the northern stars had written his letter the next day, "Annie Laurie" safer? At least, a chap wouldn't have written the letter he wrote Christmas Day on the strength of "Annie Laurie."

He wished he hadn't written the letter—wished for the fiftieth time he had waited until the spring and gone out to the front to see her. It was asinine to write to a girl he hadn't seen for a year. She would probably think him a fool.

He knew part of that letter by heart. "And if, sweetheart, you send me your picture by St. Valentine's Day, I'll know what it means."

What right had he to ask for that?

And if Tony had let that confounded Italian stuff alone, the letter would never have been written. "Annie Laurie" was such a jolly little song to work on—to go to look after dynamite on—

"Mush, mush on."

The dogs had stopped.

It was a narrow place in the trail and the snow from the cliffs at the side had swept in, completely filling the narrow path. Hastings, getting out, plunged ahead.

It was no use. The trail was blocked. It was a digging job. Whatever happened to the Swedes up at Joe's, dynamite or no dynamite, casualties or no casualties, he had to go back.

Fred turned the team and started back.

It was St. Valentine's Day in the North.

From the sky darkening rapidly, the snow began to fall, gently, steadily. If it began to blow and blew so hard that that fool of a mail man would stop down at Harris's, certainly they would not get the letters that day.

It must be about eleven o'clock. He would get back and Tony would have that music box going all the afternoon. Fred knew one thing, though, surely there would be a cut down on I Pagliacci. They would have "Annie Laurie." No. He would put on Harry Lauder.

Tony would be furious. He hated and despised the Scotch stuff; he would go off in a huff to the cook-house. Hastings rejoicing greatly at the thought, called loudly, gaily, to the dogs,

"Mush, mush on."

The dark trees trunks flashed by. Skurry through the snow, meet the falling flakes, get to camp for dinner.

He drew up with a flourish before the Residency. Whose dogs were those? Two teams.

He rushed in to the office. Rainer was back—

(*Concluded on page 33*)

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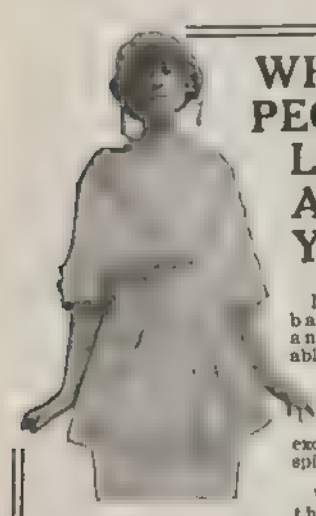

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THE FORCE OF TRUE LOVE

BY JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

THE press of a fortnight ago told of a suicide by a young and promising artist of Montreal. Pinned to his waistcoat was a little note, containing the words: "Life is a rarebit dream. Ha, ha! Such a funny dream! But enough! I am ready to awake to something less ridiculous."

Many who have read this bit of telegraphic news probably dismissed it from their thoughts with some such words as "Small loss; the world is well rid of him, and would be better off if more like him would follow his example." Others, like myself, probably felt deep pity for the departed. I read the item of news a second and a third time, and every re-reading seemed to tell a different and a sadder story. I seemed to read of a disheartened struggler, of one who sank exhausted under the cruel blows of an adverse fate, of one who had long and vainly yearned for a word of cheer and encouragement, of one, who, comparing a one-time loving home—a fond and caressing mother, a self-sacrificing father, a tender, affectionate sister—with his present environment—a cold, selfish, grasping world, whose only god is *mammon* and its only altar *success*—and, not knowing how to commercialize his art, how to crowd himself into circles where he was not sought, or, too proud to force, by brazenry, a recognition that was denied to merit, preferred "to shuffle off his mortal coil" and to have done forever with the tragic farce of life.

Perhaps all this sympathy was wasted. Perhaps he merited no better fate. Perhaps lovelessness and selfishness were all on his side. Perhaps it was he who, having no love in his heart, no cheer in his eye, no word of kindness on his lips, repelled the world, froze its cheer, killed its joy. Perhaps, having cloyed his appetites with bestial sensuality and finding no longer gratification in riotousness, he made a speedy end to a wasted life.

To me, however, the first conjecture seemed the more likely. Many and varied experiences have made it a conviction with me that probably half of mankind's sufferings on earth is due to the lovelessness of others, to envies and enmities, that embitter where love would sweeten, that wound where love would heal, that sever where love would unite. It is because of such want of love that the hand of man is raised against his fellowman, that nations are at war with each other, that castes and classes and races are arrayed against each other in deadly conflict, that more money is being expended weekly for the maintenance of armies and armaments and police, for courts and prisons and almshouses, than for the support of churches and schools.

And preachers may preach and teachers may teach and writers may write and speakers may speak against the evils of war and oppression and injustice, there will be no cessation of them, until love will take the place of hatred, and good-will towards our fellowmen will supplant selfishness.

The love of fellowman was the motive-power of all the great leaders of reform, whether religious or moral, whether social or political. There has never yet been a great reform but that a great heart was back of it. There has never yet been a great movement that made for liberty or right but that took its rise in the well-springs of love. There has never yet been a great sacrifice for human kind but that it was offered on the altar of love. At that altar ministered all the great founders of religion. At that altar worshipped all the martyrs and patriots. Upon that altar sacrificed all the redeemers and emancipators and helpers of men, the John Howards, the Ryersons, the Elizabeth Freys, the Florence Nightingales, and the hundreds of others of equally consecrated name.

Because of the love of men, hundreds leave, to-day, luxuriant homes, attractive and cultured environments, to take their abode in the districts of the poor, in the neighborhood of the lowly and fallen, there where the atmosphere is foul, where the streets and tenements reek with filth and swarm with vermin, where even the blade of grass sickens and dies, where not even the bird can sing or the sun can shine, where "children are spawned, not born, and where they die like flies," where youth easily falls prey to infamy, and the old, by reason of overwork and under-rest and underfeeding, become ready victims of deadly diseases. Into these quarters of squalor and misery and shame go these men and women of the great heart, and plant there light and cheer and hope. They feed the hungry, clothe the naked, heal the sick, comfort the sorrowing and despairing, bring back the lost and straying. They found kindergartens and schools, clubs and guilds. They introduce cleanness in homes, and instil higher ideals into lives. They teach the sacredness of motherhood and the responsibility of fatherhood, the honor of womanhood and the chivalry of manhood. They cultivate the sense of self-respect, and contempt for all that violates decency, honor and honesty.

When contemplating the heart's priceless contributions toward the betterment of man, we cannot but deplore that the attention given to the cultivation of the affections falls far short of that we give to the improvement of the intellect. We are so busy enlarging the mind that we must of necessity dwarf the heart. What a world ours might have been to-day had the culture of the heart been equal to that of the mind! How many centuries ago might not the golden age have dawned, had the first place in the system of education, in the estimate of worth, in the bestowal of honor, been given to the heart!

There is no dearth of mind to-day, but there is a woeful want of heart. We need more heart in our homes. The brute-instinct still plays a large part in our nurseries. We frown where we should smile, and we scold where we should pity. We stifle in our anger what we could develop in our forbearance. We punish with the rod where we should correct with kindness. We harden with rigor where we should soften with gentleness.

And we need more heart in our schools. Heart culture has no place in our curriculum of studies. We have gymnastics for the limbs and acrobatic feats for the mind, but no exercise for the heart. The relationship between teacher and pupil is often that of open hostility. There are systems of recitation, discipline, marking, examinations that develop deception rather than honor, hatred rather than love. There is often little regard for the psychical nature of the pupil, little consciousness that the most censured pupil is often the backward pupil, who, though laboring hard in preparing and following the lesson, cannot keep pace with the more gifted classmate who receives all the praise and all the honors for but little exertion. Little notice is taken of the fact that the pupil of the poorer mind is frequently the pupil of the better heart. There is little knowledge of the home-environments of some of those pupils whose untidy and irregular appearance at school calls forth all sorts of punishment and disgrace. There is little knowledge that some of the pupils scolded for poor or indifferent work are bread-winners of families, toiling from dawn to school-time, and from end of school till far into the night. What cheer, what encouragement might not a teacher's loving heart and sympathetic word infuse into such a life! What vistas of hope might they not open! What avenues of darkness and misery and abuse might they not close!

And we need more heart in our intercourse with our fellowman. We have heard too much of the doctrine "Each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." It is a doctrine that may fit well enough into the life of the brute, but it is the distinction of man that he alone, out of all animal creation, is possessed of the sense of active fellow-feeling. And he alone is a man who shows his manhood by active sympathy with his fellowman. The greater his fellow-feeling the further removed is he from the brute. Through it he is led to act justly and kindly toward others, and moved to abstain from doing to others what he would not like to have others do to him. Through it he is led vividly to realize another's sorrow and suffering, and to hasten to his succor. And the more his sense of fellow-feeling is developed the richer grow his affections, and the richer his affections the larger is his and others' happiness.

If in our social relationship we are arrogant and selfish and unkind and unjust we must not look for kindness and sympathy and love from others. Unkindness begets unkindness; selfishness breeds selfishness. Lovelessness is paid in its own coin.

If, however, we are unselfish, thoughtful of others, sympathetic, loving, we receive back all we give, and often more. Our own heart's approval alone is worth all the gain that selfishness procures. A pleasant smile, a word of cheer to an employee, a thoughtful enquiry after a neighbor's health, an encouraging word to one sorely tried, these are in themselves trifles, but what a world of happiness they may kindle in the heart of the bereaved, the unbefriended, the uncheered! We speak of wonderful echoes in our and in foreign lands, but I know of none as melodious as our heart's cheer and love echoing and re-echoing in another's breast. It heals where medicine fails. It kindles where fuel refuses to ignite. It divines a "soul of goodness in things evil" and "distils it out." It sees the pure in the impure as the scientist sees the lustrous diamond in the blackest coal. It draws the particles of good out of a mass of sinfulness as the magnet draws specks of iron filings out of tons of sand. It effects reformations where appeals and reproofs fall on deaf ears. There are hearts that thirst for a word of love and sympathy as the parched flower thirsts for the drop of rain. There are lives that need but a brother's sympathetic grasp of hand to check their downward course.

Oh, the powers for good in the human heart that are daily allowed to go to waste! It is said that there is latent power enough in the Falls of the Niagara to answer the needs of all the world. There is power enough in the human heart to turn the whole world's evil into good, power enough to disband every army, to turn every battleship into a ship of commerce, to close every prison, court and almshouse. There is power enough in the human heart to make of every sinner a saint, and of every beggar a nobleman.

Tolstoi tells us that one day a beggar asked him for a *kopeck*. "Brother," said Tolstoi, after searching in his pockets in vain for a piece of money, "I have not a coin with me." "You have given me enough," answered the beggar, "you have given me more than anyone has yet given me, you have called me 'brother'." And away he walked with a firmer, prouder step than that with which he had approached Tolstoi but a short time before. How many are not waiting to be called "brother," "sister" this very day, by you, by me! How many of them

(*Concluded on page 33*)

- Half of mankind's sufferings is due to the lovelessness of others
- When love takes the place of hatred, wars will cease.
- What a world ours might have been to-day had the culture of the heart been equal to that of the mind.
- We need more heart in our homes.
- Lovelessness is paid in its own coin.
- Oh, the powers for good in the human heart that are daily allowed to go to waste.
- There is power enough in the human heart to disband every army.
- Love is the golden cord that ties our hearts to a thousand other hearts.

WOMEN WORTH KNOWING

BY MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

Short Story Writer
Mrs. Madge Macbeth

IN starting to write about Mrs. Madge Macbeth, Canadian short story writer and also National Drama League promoter, I find myself in the fisherman's position who, having found a casket on the seashore and having broken open the seal of Solomon upon it, discovered that his act had released a Genie, so changeable in outline, so rare, so potent, that repeated attempts to confine it left him baffled. The difference is that Mrs. Macbeth is a Genius.

For who could go into a city library and putter awhile among the periodicals without being struck by the number of times that "Madge Macbeth," a real name not a pen-name, occurs in the highest class magazines displayed there, and each time presented as "a feature." As many as six periodicals at once have carried stories by this brilliant fabricator—the stories carrying the magazines sometimes—no two of them alike, yet all of them clever, all of them whimsical, all of them fascinating.

What is her style? It is non-existent. That is to say it varies with the matter. What is her field? The world is her field—the lonely places and the peopled places. For her there is nothing common or "impossible." Her fancy plays about the

A recognized maker of short stories, varied, whimsical, forceful and delightful—Mrs. Madge Macbeth of Ottawa. She is also an active charter member of the National Drama League of Canada.

Rough to beautify it and about the Smooth to enhance its delicacy—with the industry of the spider always, which looks upon burdock as possible web-beams as gleefully as upon the stems of clover.

"I love everything I write," this writer once confided when a stranger who pastes her productions in a scrap-book had impulsively thanked her for one called "Things" which had sounded, she said, as though the author loved it. That is the secret, I fancy, of the patience which underlies the production of the work which is rapidly making this story-writer famous.

Talent may work, but Genius must work. I have seen Mrs. Macbeth at her writing—interrupted by door-bell, telephone, housemaid, and "the boys" by turns, with nervous intermissions. The last are a loveable pair of children, but a bit hard on their literary mother, who has not Mrs. Jellaby's mind to overlook things. The callers were met by a gracious hostess; the 'phone was answered gayly if succinctly; De Neige, the "help," was helped intelligently; and the apples of their mother's eyes, "the boys," were sympathised with, or roundly enough admonished. And all the while the mind of the woman was busy, endlessly busy, with its stories. She paused in her writing with resignation, not unmingled with amusement, and her hands returned to the Underwood keyboard in showers of light taps—much like caresses. It was obvious, in brief, to the looker-on that the story-maker loved her manufactures.

I happened to be in the Capital lately—a city "good" from the journalistic standpoint—when I had it from Mrs. Macbeth's mother, an exquisite lady from North Carolina, that "Madge" as a child was a passionate small person whose joy in life was to have folk marvel at her. She studied at school to astound her teachers, she played at concerts to hear the applause, and once during a summer in the Alleghany Mountains, she submitted to learning whist and pinochle from three stout elderly gentlemen, Germans, who captured her daily to make a "fourth" and praised the play of their "find" inordinately. After which, she would warble "O Ye Tears" to the huge delight of the Three on the verandah, and to the proportionate disgust of little Cuban and Spanish lovers who peeped and blew her kisses round the corner.

This child of twelve "grew up" in the course of Nature—graceful as a flower, ambitious, vivid, winsome, and talented not with one, but with many talents. She could act. She could "play." She could write stories. She possessed a wit which enchanted men—women, too, except upon occasion. When she chose a school it was

Mrs. W. R. Lang, a leading member of the United Suffragists of Toronto, and organizer of that body's undertaking to look after mothers among the poor, this winter.

here in Canada—Hellmuth, in London, to be explicit. Her mother had heard that the school was "nice." So, after her training in North Carolina and a subsequent course at the Latin Preparatory School in Baltimore, she came to London to "finish" her education.

But there is no end to the education of a person who, at the age of three, produces a commentary on the Bible. That "Madge" had done, as legend had it. If "the child is father of the man" it stands to reason that the child is also mother of the woman. The queer little girl of the big ambition was parent, no doubt, of the graduate of Hellmuth who left the school diplomaed but unfinished. She had studied, she had been gay, and in the course of college happenings, she had met the man whom afterwards she married.

Of course, a "coming out" intervened—a mad season of dances, caprices, billets-doux, and broken-hearted suitors. Then came the wedding, a home and "the boys"; the swift sickness which claimed the husband; and Life—which is one vast net to gauzy creatures. The butterfly folded its wings, sun-feathered. The girl all at once stepped forth a woman. Her breast heaved with the mother-bird's passion in whose care are left the tender fledglings. She stretched new wings, less gay, more tender. Her pastime of writing became her support. She toiled herself into fame with a mother's object.

The World was her field and Life her study. She learned to paint life as Fra Lippo Lippi learned it—watching—living. She wrote what she saw, what she lived. She succeeded. Delight returned in the fascinating labour. She produced her first novel, "The Winning Game," and more books clamoured to be written. Meanwhile, the short-story waved its blandishments. She wrote. Her manuscripts were accepted. The magazines asked for more. They kept her busy. That is why light is seen in her window at night when "the boys" have been long in slumber and when every other house in the street is darkened.

"Rod and Gun," "Field and Stream," "The Ladies' Home Journal," "The Canadian Magazine," "Canada Monthly," "McLean's" and "Ainsley's" are just a few of the many monthlies in which I have seen good stories by this author. She contributes also to several weeklies, among them, "The Canadian Courier," in addition to writing parliamentary comment for one of the biggest dailies in the country. Sporting tales, mystery stories, character sketches, serials, romances, these are some of the lines her fiction follows. Her versatility is unbounded. At the present moment she is even writing a play.

"The Mother of Mothers"
Mrs. W. R. Lang

PERHAPS in the whole of the Feminist Movement, no single effort has so ably demonstrated the efficiency of womankind's work for womankind as the organization of the United Suffragists of Toronto, with the object of providing care this winter for prospective and nursing mothers among the poor. This self-constituted mother of mothers—for a mother it is in spite of the fable that Woman Suffrage and Motherhood are strangers—attends each week some one hundred and thirty cases, supplying milk, butter, and eggs to the mothers, to the end that healthy instead of puny babies may result. This organization has also the wit to use its allies, for instance, the Women's Institutes, and much of the food consumed in this endeavor—which is taken to the homes by a corps of ladies in motors loaned expressly for this purpose—has been the gift of the women in the country. Support in the city has likewise been most ready.

Mrs. E. C. Cotes, of Simla, India, otherwise "Sarah Jeanette Duncan," whose fiction ranks with that of the Countess von Arnim. Mrs. Cotes is a native of Brantford, Ontario, and was recently much feted in Toronto, where her play, "His Royal Happiness," was presented.

Now the organizer of all this usefulness is a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed woman of a wholesomeness and delightsomeness of person which make the air buoyant all about her. Her freshness is that of the English girl student who has taken prizes for hockey and tennis, in addition to being "Senior Optime" in the mathematical "Tripos" and a graduate of high standing in social economics, of Newnham College, Cambridge. To be specific, she is Mrs. W. R. Lang, whose husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Lang is abnormally busy over military matters, as "Officer in charge of Instruction, Second Division"; in addition to this he commands the University of Toronto Contingent of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps, and the Divisional Engineers, and is also a Doctor of Science and a professor in the University.

While her husband is training officers, Mrs. Lang, in her woman's way, is as busy, and also as patriotic, in her effort to make "hard times" less hard for mothers. She goes to a down town office daily—the United Suffragists' Headquarters, Bond Street, and works like any qualified clerk at her books, her telephone calls and her correspondence. She has planned the work and she works the plan—which is something to be said for the cause of Woman Suffrage.

Now, of course, you conclude there are no children. There are, on the contrary, "Betty" and "Jean," two quaint little girls in the Lang nursery, their ages being respectively, five and three. Betty is a dreamer and Jean a romp—a small pocket edition of her father. They are soft pink babies with innumerable dimples. As to their behaviour, it is a pleasant commentary on their mother's system of governing

(*Concluded on page 22*)

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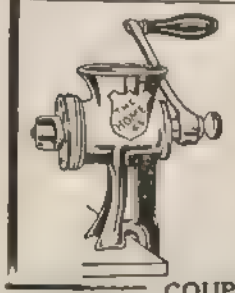

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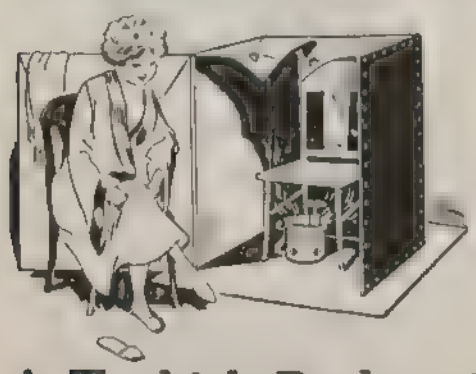

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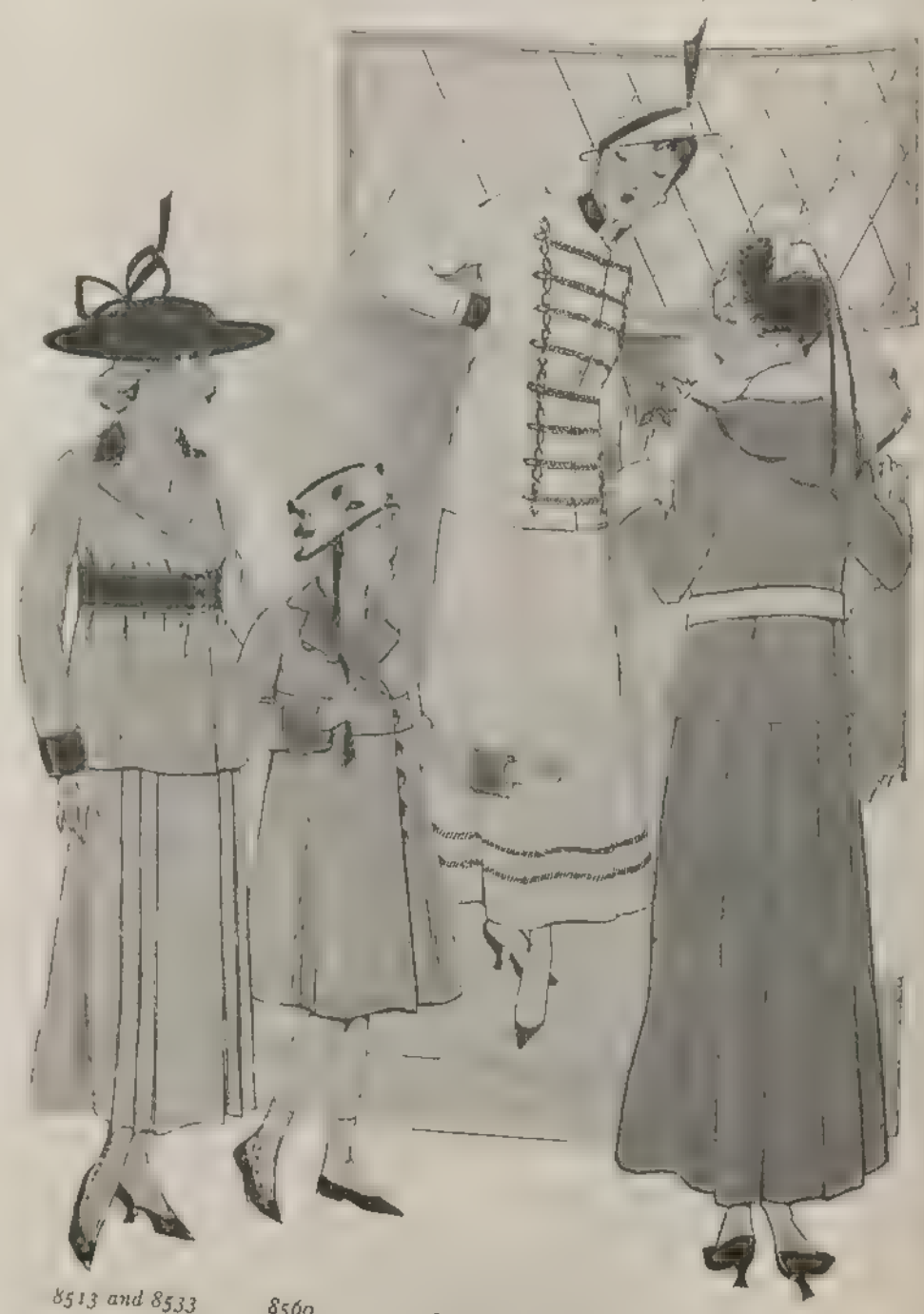
PRETTY SPRING DESIGNS

BY MAY MANTON

CONDITIONS are unusually interesting this Spring, for never before, at least within the memory of the present generation, have we found ourselves without a generous number of authoritative designs coming from across the sea. While it is not true that the French houses are closed, they are working under difficulties, and buyers from this side hesitate somewhat to make their usual trips in consequence of the uncertainty of return. Consequently, although Paris is exceedingly active for a city living under such terrible stress, and notwithstanding the fact that models are coming periodically, if not regularly, we must to a certain extent depend upon ourselves.



8513 and 8533 *8560* *8546 and 8490A* *8502 and 8537*

Price of Patterns 15 cents each.

Thus far, we see no shortage of beautiful fabrics, but whether they are largely imported or many of them are made within our own shores, it is a little difficult to assert, since dealers have not yet learned that "Made in Canada" should be a recommendation and not a deterrent, and all too often the word "imported" is attached where it really does not belong, simply that it may act as a sort of fetich. Undoubtedly gabardine is to be a pronounced favorite. It is a really beautiful material, more so by far than serge, of which it seems to be a development. It will be much worn in white as well as in colors, and tan and putty shades will be exceedingly smart. That broadcloth will be fashionable also is a foregone conclusion, and of course there are novelties, poplin and crepe effects and a variety of others, while we also will see a great many handsome costumes made of faille and other heavy silks. But these statements do not in the least affect the truth of the favor shown to gabardine. Military influences are apparent in many ways, consequently a great deal of military blue is to be worn. A number of Spring suits show a great deal of braid trimming that is suggestive of a soldier's uniform, but thinking women are a little averse to pushing the military idea or to utilizing even a shadow of the awful tragedy that holds the whole world appalled, as a mere fad in fashionable dress. So while military colors and braid trimming will be fashionable, the exaggerated military effects will be worn to some extent, but will by no means be conspicuous enough to over-power other things.

Skirts grow wider; that unquestionably is true. The flaring tunic over the narrow skirt is so becoming and so really beautiful that it retains a place, but for the tailored suit, the skirt that is circular or semi-circular in cut, or which is laid in plaits, is having extended favor. The two plaited skirts that are shown on this page are made with deep yokes that provide smoothness over the hips, and thus far, that effect is a favorite one. The plain skirt is a six-gored one. One of the interesting features of the season, is a flared skirt with the Empire waistline, for that skirt represents a combination of periods, and consequently is as nearly original as fashions ever can be. In the history of civilization, we find a record of almost every possible effect; it is only by combining in a different way, or by modifying and changing, that what is known as novelty is found. This Spring there are many influences at work, and there is offered a most wonderful opportunity for individualism and distinction. No single style will take undue prominence. The day of a single fashion belongs to the past, and we are rapidly learning that it is individuality and adaption that means distinction.

Illustrated are two costumes showing the prevailing tendencies. The effect of the three-quarter coat that flares at its lower edge over the box-plaited skirt is an excellent one, and this skirt, by the way, gives abundant flare and generous width. The skirt takes just the lines that have been found becoming and that we are loathe to give up, and at the same time, it provides fashionable fullness and flare

The young girl's coat with the Empire lines is one of the prettiest that could be found, and the suggestion for the military coat is wonderfully smart for any material that can be finished after the simple tailored fashion. The general thought of the whole civilized world is a serious one this season, and that fact is evident even in the realm of fashion. The simple tailored costume will be a favorite one. It is always satisfactory, always handsome and always becoming, and is adapted to so many uses that it means real economy.

The coat patterns No. 8546 and 8502 are cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; the skirts Nos. 8490A and 8537 are cut in sizes from 24 to 34 waist. The Misses' coat No. 8513 and the skirt No. 8533 are cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years; the girls' coat No. 8560 from 8 to 14 years.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of price. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure, and address, Pattern Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

PLAIN CLOTHES ON NEW LINES

BY MAY MANTON

No. 8457A

Price of pattern, 15 cents

Nos. 8470 and 8457

Price of patter , 15 cents

SKIRTS are full; of that there is no doubt, whatever, and we should, perhaps, be glad that we are once more permitted to walk with ease and freedom. Yet, not everyone can quite get used to the full skirt at once, and many models retain the narrow skirt as under-skirt and obtain the effect of fullness and flare by a fuller over-skirt. This is an especially good fashion to use if you have narrow skirts still in good condition. Another concession to our liking for narrow effects is the yoke, which keeps the line of the waist slender, and allows the gathering to begin at the hip-line.

Perhaps you have an old tight-fitting skirt of serge or satin and can combine a remnant of new material with it to make the smart frock illustrated in No. 8457A. This over-dress may be worn over any plain skirt and might be made from serge, broadcloth, velvet or gabardine. The collar, sleeves and lower edge may be finished with fur as shown in the illustration, or with bands of satin or braid. This pattern is cut in sizes for 34 to 40 inches and requires 4½ yards of a 54-inch fabric for the medium size.

The always satisfactory plain tailored shirt-waist, with high turn-over collar, has returned to popularity and we find this model in the most exclusive shops made from washable flannel, washable silk and from cotton fabrics. A patch pocket placed high on the left side of the blouse is very much liked by some girls. This pattern No. 8470, is cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust measure, requiring 2¾ yards of a 36-inch fabric for the medium size. The skirt illustrated with this blouse, No. 8457, is a very good model for the athletic girl, and made from corduroy, storm serge or tweed, it will be satisfactory to wear with a sweater or sport coat. The pockets are found to be more than useful, especially to the college and school-girl, who never have enough pockets to carry pencils and erasers. This is cut in sizes 24 to 32 inches waist measure, requiring 2⅝ yards of a 44-inch fabric for the medium size.

Such a plain frock as No. 8489, made from dark blue, dark brown or red serge or checked material, always makes a satisfactory school frock for the high-school girl. The collar may be of white pique or corded silk, and she may wear Windsor ties or velvet ribbon of any becoming color with such a frock. This pattern comes in sizes 16 and 18 years, requiring 3⅝ yards of 44-inch serge for the smaller size.

No. 8489

Price of pattern, 15 cents

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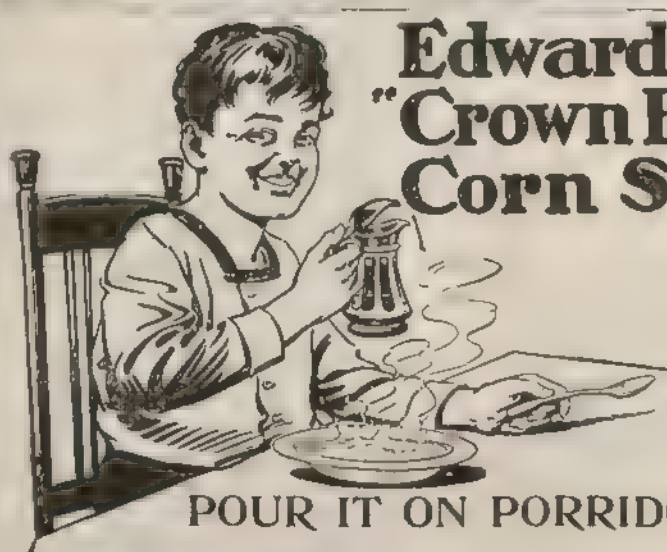

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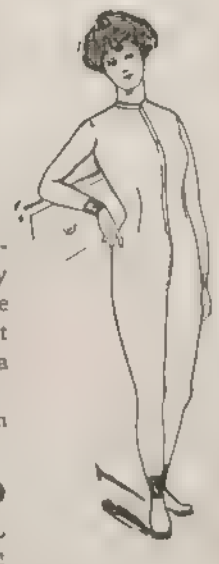

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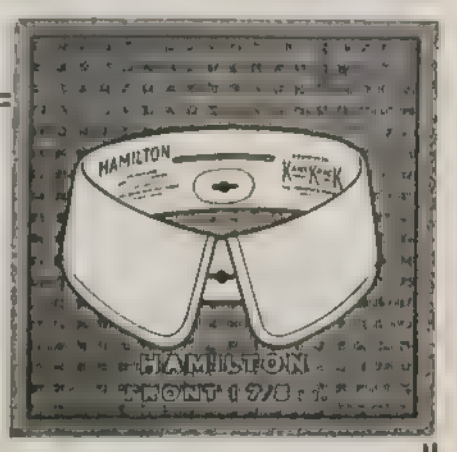

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PRACTICAL GARMENTS FOR CHILDREN

BY MAY MANTON

No. 8467 *No. 8473* *No. 8486*

NIGHT clothing for children is even more important than their day clothing, for in the winter it must be made of warm material, and for summer wear of thin material only if the nights are hot. For winter wear, flannel is the best material and it is desirable that the gown be cut long enough to keep the feet warm; it is better, too, that the sleeves be cut long, although this is not always found to be necessary.

Just such a simple night gown as this No. 8486 is the ideal for children. It is sufficiently like that of the older folk to make the wearer happy and it is so simple and easy to make that it is sure to appeal to the mothers. The sleeves may be longer or shorter and the neck can be finished with a collar or with a simple frill.

For the 6-year size, the gown will require 3 yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 36, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 1¼ yards of insertion.

The pattern of the gown 8486 is cut in sizes from 2 to 8 years.

For the older girl, No. 8473 is a practical pattern, for it provides for high or square neck, long or short sleeves, and may be trimmed with embroidered scalloping or linen lace. Cut in sizes 8 to 14 years, this pattern will require 3⅝ yards of a 36 inch fabric for the 12-year size.

The yoke night gown is always a practical one and this model designed for little children is thoroughly satisfactory. It can be made either with a square neck or with a high neck and round collar and with long or short sleeves, but the combination of square neck and long sleeves is an exceedingly comfortable one and just now is much used. Gowns of the sort are made of long cloth, of cambric and of materials of the sort and also from other warmer materials, such as flannel and flannelettes. Lace, embroidery and embroidered scallops are used as finish. Below the yoke, the gown is satisfactorily full, while it is perfectly smooth and plain over the shoulders.

For the 4-year size, the gown will require 2¼ yards of material 36, 1¾ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of banding, 1½ yards of edging.

The pattern 8467 is cut in sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age.

No. 8495

No. 8413

For best, the little boy's suit, No. 8495, may be developed in serge, corduroy or velvet. The sack coat is a very good model for the home dress-maker to use, as it does not require difficult tailoring. If the suit is to be worn every day, it may be of cheviot or diagonal, and the collar and revers should be of the same material. The trousers should be very short and as tight-fitting as is consistent with comfort. This pattern comes in sizes 6 to 12 years and requires 2¼ yards of 44 inch material for the 10 year size.

For the very little girl who goes to kindergarten, or who likes to paint and draw at home, the little artist's apron, No. 8413, will be an acceptable gift. It might be made of chambray or of blue denim bound with white tape, and if the little girl finds a ruler, a box of paints, and drawing materials in the pocket she will be most delighted. The pattern is cut in sizes 4 to 8 years, and requires 1¼ yards of 36 inch material for the medium size.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of price. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure, and address, Pattern Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

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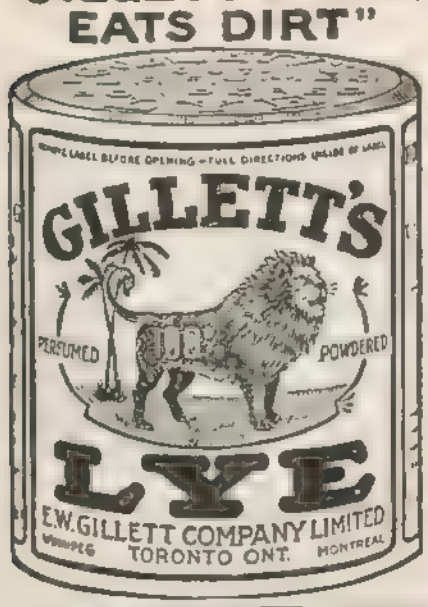

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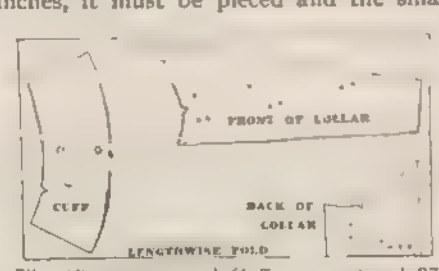
HOW TO MAKE A FANCY BASQUE WITH SURPLICE FRONTS

By MAY MANTON

THE present is essentially the season of the basque. That is to say, every fashionable bodice is finished over the skirt in place of under it, and that of course is the essential feature of the basque. In this lesson we will talk about an extremely attractive model, the fronts of which form a sash at the back. It can be made of the same material as the skirt if that material is light enough to drape prettily, or it can be made of crepe de chine, charmeuse satin, chiffon velvet or other similar material, to be worn over a skirt of something heavier, such as broadcloth or gabardine, or, it can be made of silk, over velvet. In the illustration the material is charmeuse satin, and the chemisette, the collar and the cuffs are made of white faille silk, but if a simpler material is used for the bodice, crepe de chine or washable satin would be preferable for the chemisette and the cuffs.

By far the greater number of fashionable materials are woven 44 inches wide, and since that width is a good one for this pattern, it is shown in the diagrams for the basque. The faille from which the collar, chemisette and cuffs are cut is 27 inches in width. In one diagram the material is folded lengthwise and the back and the side-back of the basque and the sash are shown. In the second diagram the front and sleeve are shown on material folded crosswise, for the entire width is needed for the front, and this method of placing the pieces is the most economical. As the bow, however, is longer than 44 inches, it must be pieced and the small marked with three crosses on the fold, the front with the long straight edge lengthwise, and the cuff with the perforations lengthwise. There are no seams allowed on this pattern, and it is therfore easy to preserve its shape and to mark the sewing

8398—Basque Waist with Surplice Fronts, 34 to 42 bust.
With Long or Three-Quarter Sleeves, Bow or Looped Sash Ends

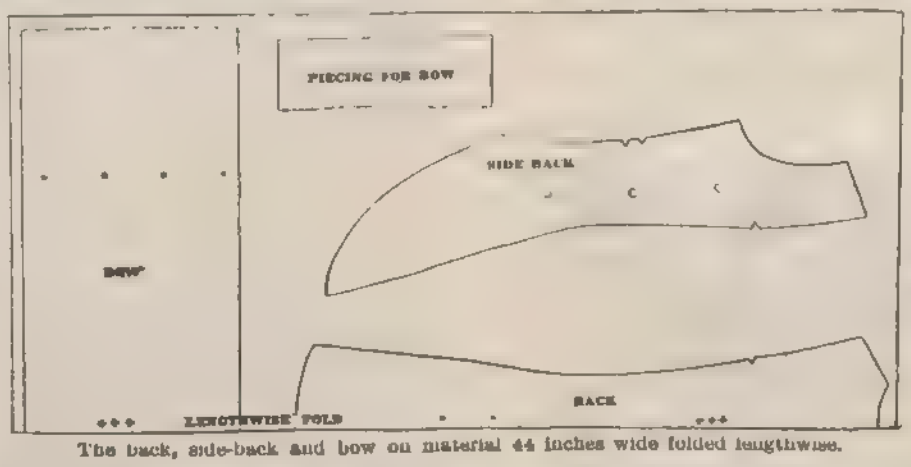


The Chemisette and Cuffs on material 27 inches wide, folded lengthwise

oblong piece is the end which has been cut off at the point indicated by the dotted line. The fronts require the full width of the goods. Therefore, before placing the pattern on the material, it should be opened out if it is folded and the fold pressed out, then the material folded crosswise and the front pinned into place with the sleeve as already mentioned. Then each piece of the goods will be doubled and the two sides of the garment can be cut at one time. The chemisette and cuff are shown in as smaller diagram.

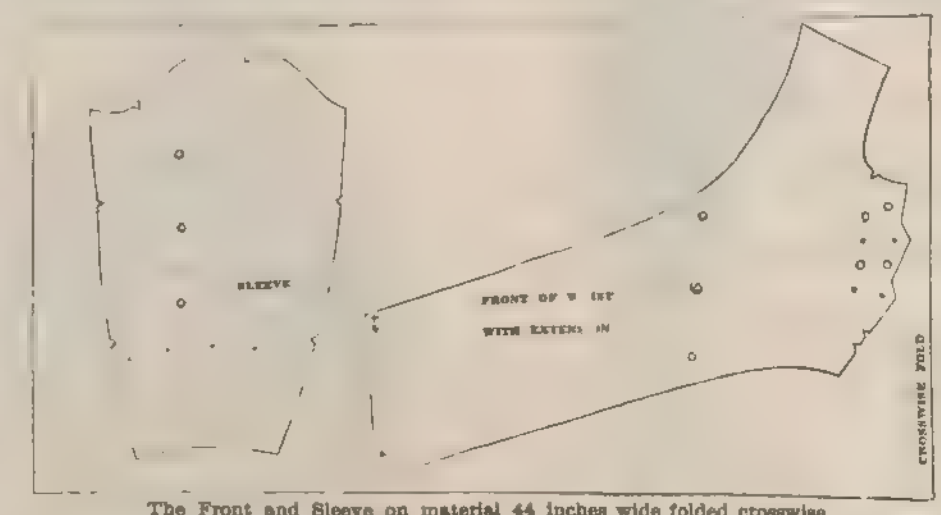
line. After pinning the pattern carefully into place, trace all round the outside edges with a tracing wheel or tailor's chalk, as is best adapted to the material. Then cut beyongd that line for the seams. If you are using charmeuse satin, crepe de chine or any other closely woven material, three eighths of an inch will be ample; if the material is loosely woven and frays easily, allow five eighths of an inch to provide for that tendency. Next, mark through to the under side of the cloth with tailor's tacks, which are described in the lesson of last month, and mark all the perforations in the same way, for there is no other method that is quite so perfect and no other that is so satisfactory.

Fold the pieces of the chemisette, of the



The back, side-back and bow on material 44 inches wide folded lengthwise.

If the shorter sleeves are wanted and the sash with only knotted ends, the pattern of the sleeve should be cut off on the crossline of perforations, and the bow omitted and each front cut 14 inches longer than the pattern. To do this, place the collar, and of the cuffs, and lay aside until wanted, for we will make the basque first. Join the back and the side-backs with the notches exactly meeting and be careful to baste on the marked outline of the pattern; then form plaits at the under-arm



The Front and Sleeve on material 44 inches wide folded crosswise.

sleeve on the material folded lengthwise, in the place now filled by the bow, and fold the piece for the fronts to allow an added length of 14 inches on the extension.

The third diagram shows the white silk folded lengthwise, the back of the collar edges of the fronts by lapping the smaller perforations to the large perforations. Then close the shoulder and under-arm seams, always meeting the notches exactly, and basting on the sewing line. At this point, slip the basqe on the wearer. If there is

(*Concluded on page 21*)

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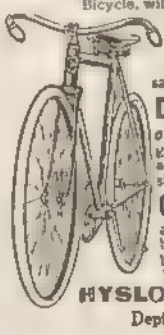


We ship on approval to any address in Canada, without any deposit, and allow 10 DAYS' TRIAL. It will not cost you one cent if not satisfied after using bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY *a bicycle, pair of tires, lamp, or sundries at any price* until you get our new 1915 illustrated catalogue and learn all about our special proposition. The low prices will astonish you.

ONE CENT is all it will cost to write us a postal, and catalogue with full particulars will be sent to you **Free, Postpaid,** by return mail. **Do not wait.** Write it **now.**

HYSLOP BROTHERS, Limited
Dept. 7 TORONTO, Canada

Who Would Have Guessed

that behind the piano was a full sized table, reposing peacefully against the wall, ready to be set up at a moment's notice! Just see how easily it is put up! Feel how light it is—only eleven pounds! Try to shake it—isn't it firm! Never a wobble! This is our new

ELITE FOLDING TABLE

—the very latest model. We are proud of this table, and we know you'll be delighted with it too. Once you set eyes on it you'll want it—and when you learn the price you'll buy it. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

Made in Canada

Write for FREE Booklet D describing our "Peerless" and "Elite" Tables

HOURD & CO., LIMITED
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers
LONDON, ONTARIO

Get this Superb

MAPLE LEAF WASHER

Under our new method of selling that saves up to $3.00

Save $3

THIS is our newest Made in Canada Washer using steel cut gears packed in hard oil. It runs smoothly and silently at a touch of the handle, forcing suds and water through and through the clothes till they are spotlessly white, and washed in five or six minutes. Blue Monday's terrors are over. Quickly done washing—little fatigue—no torn clothes—a beautiful machine to last a lifetime—and your wash day troubles for ever with this excellent new Maple Leaf Washer. You can get it this way. Write us for our Coupon Refund Offer to every cash buyer of the Maple Leaf Washer. This refund offer saves you up to $8.00 on your machine. Even at that, without this refund the price is based on not only paying for the losses on dead beat customers or costly selling plans. As a consequence you get the Maple Leaf Washer at about two thirds the price you would pay for a machine of equal quality. On top of this you can get our $8.00 refund privilege as well. Send us a letter or postcard and we will explain our special offer by return mail by which you can get a refund up to $8.00. Write to day.

ONE MINUTE MFG. CO., Limited
10 Logan Ave., Toronto
MADE IN CANADA

SONG POEMS WANTED

You may write a better experience unnecessary guaranteed if acceptable. or melodies today. Write for BARNS-GOLDSMITH CO., Dept

BOVRIL

IS ALL-BRITISH

But Bovril is not merely all-British—it is the only food which has been proved by independent scientific investigation to possess body-building powers from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

Therefore remember **it must be Bovril.**

Of all Stores, etc., 1-oz. 25c ; 2-oz. 40c. ; 4-oz. 70c. ; 8-oz. $1.30 ; 16-oz. $2.25
Bovril Cordial, large, $1.25; 5-oz. 40c., 16-oz. Johnston's Fluid Beef (Vimbos) $1.20.

GOOD LIVING—KEEN ENJOYMENT

Why not have the best in bread for your family by using

REINDEER FLOUR

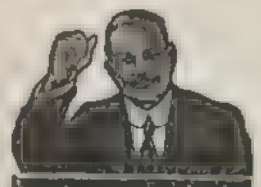
Reindeer Flour makes sweet, wholesome bread because it contains all the nutriment of the rich plump grains of the very finest Western Wheat. Reindeer Flour costs no more than ordinary flour but gives a full 100 cents' value for every dollar. You'll like the bread you make from *Reindeer Flour.*

Insist on getting Reindeer Flour from your Grocer. Accept no substitute.

Sold by all Good Grocers

THE PETERBOROUGH CEREAL Co., Simcoe St., PETERBOROUGH, Ont.

$60.00 a Week and Expenses



YOU! YES YOU CAN GET IT

That's the money you should get every week. I mean it. I want county sales managers who will accept a liberal, square partnership. No experience needed. My folding bath tub is the biggest thing ever. Solves the bath problem in every home without plumbing or water works—full size, movable, and folds up like an umbrella. It will pay you a great! GREAT! Rivals $100 bath room. Everybody wants one AT SIGHT! Listen to the big money in this for you! I want YOU to handle your county. I'll furnish demonstrating tub on liberal plan to any energetic, honest man or woman. Why not YOU? There is big money in this chance. Opportunity only comes once in a lifetime.

Two Sales a Day—$300 a Month

That is what you should get. Why? Because so few tubs are now in daily use. Modern bathing facilities at low cost are wanted. Mr. Smith took in orders first week. Mr. Meyers made $300 first month. Mrs. Newton sells $90 in three days. You need no experience. The work is very easy, pleasant, private and fascinating. Look into my offer.

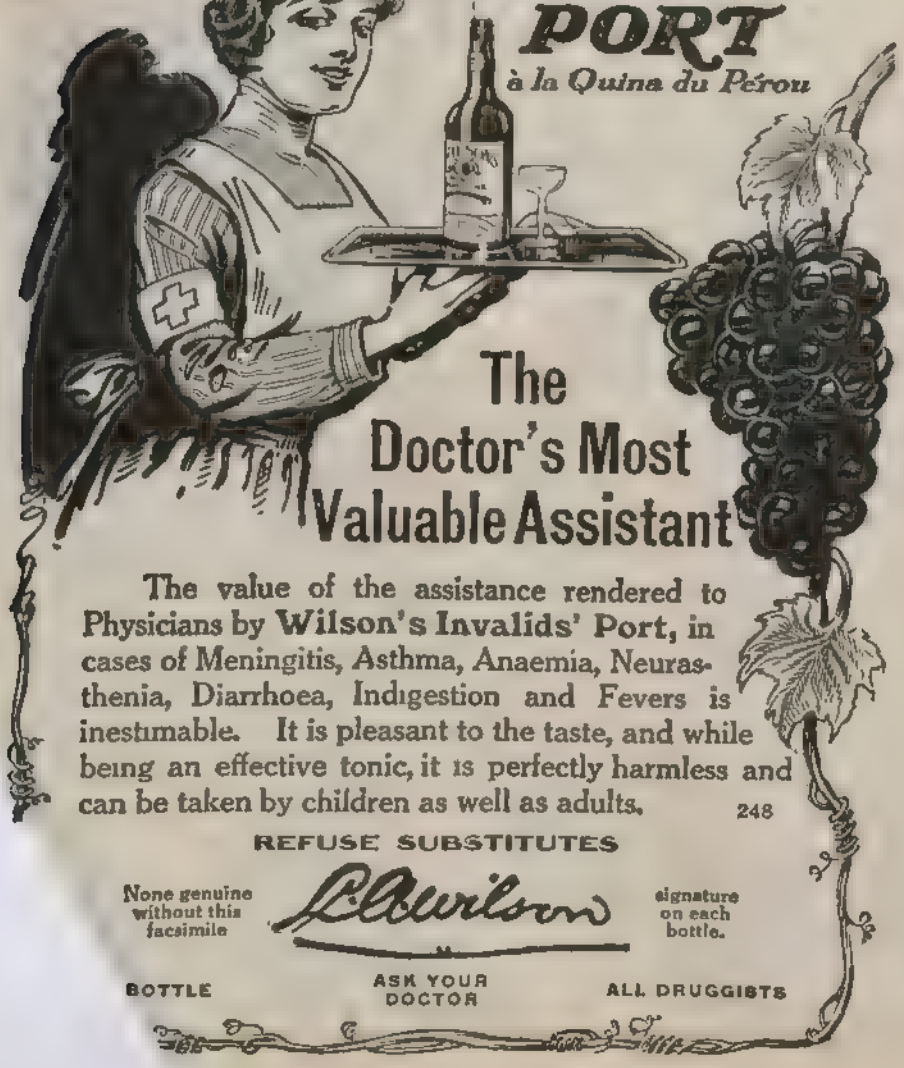
DEMONSTRATING TUB FURNISHED

Little capital required. I grant credit. Run your own business—I back you up and help you out. Believe me, except act right now, you must win big money. Like my other agents. Get your own sample bath tub on their accounts. Act quick. Send NO money—Just name on post card for particulars of free tub offer. Hustle!

H. S. Robinson, President
THE ROBINSON CABINET MFG. CO., Ltd.
83 Sandwich St., Walkerville, Ont.

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

à la Quina du Pérou



The Doctor's Most Valuable Assistant

The value of the assistance rendered to Physicians by **Wilson's Invalids' Port,** in cases of Meningitis, Asthma, Anaemia, Neurasthenia, Diarrhoea, Indigestion and Fevers is inestimable. It is pleasant to the taste, and while being an effective tonic, it is perfectly harmless and can be taken by children as well as adults. 248

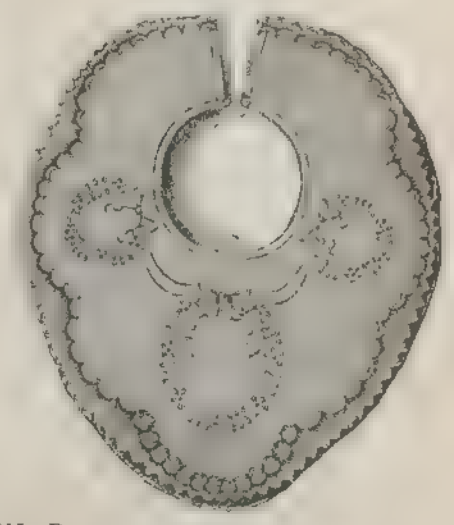
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

None genuine without this facsimile *L. Wilson* signature on each bottle.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR — BOTTLE — ALL DRUGGISTS

NEW PATTERNS

720—Design for Embroidering a Corset Cover
Transfer pattern alone ..... $ .10
Stamped on best quality Nainsook with mercerized floss to work ..... .45



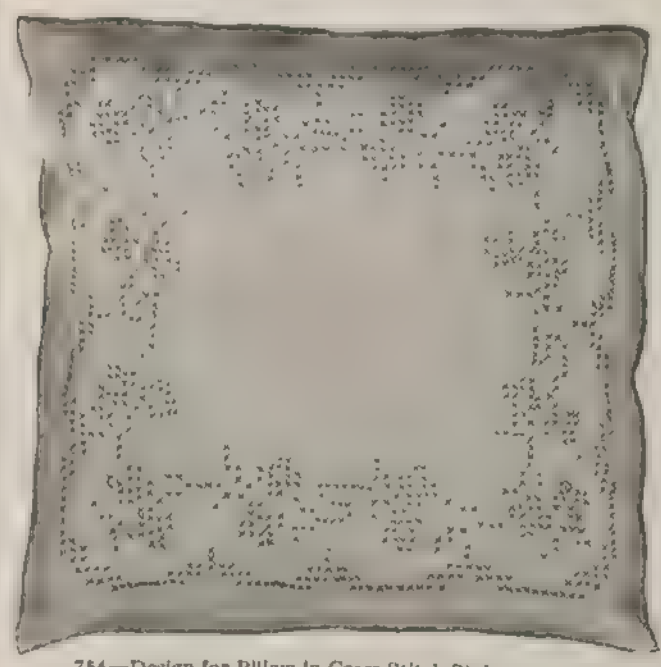
815—Design for Embroidering an Infant's Bib.
Transfer pattern alone ..... $ .10
Stamped on pure white linen with mercerized floss to work ..... .25

IN February, the housewife is quite certain to be thinking of her linen supply and of the replenishing that may be required and each member of the family is planning such additions to the underwear as may be needful. The designs that we are illustrating give timely suggestions and provide for a generous variety.

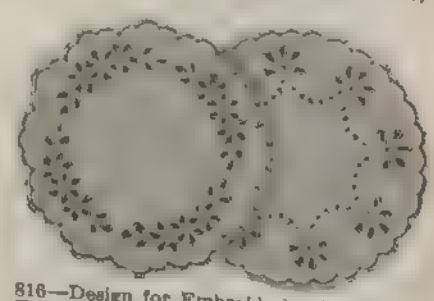
Every woman likes hand-made corset covers and dainty underwear of every sort and what are known as French garments really owe their distinction to the hand work. Such a corset cover as the one shown here can be made of fine lawn or batiste and can be just as charming just as dainty as any imported garment that could be imagined. The design is a graceful one, yet not over-elaborate and consequently does not mean a great deal of work. The needle-work can all be made in the raised or English style or with the leaves in eyelet and the flowers in raised work.

Almost every family has a baby, or if there is not one that is a member of the actual household, the demand for pretty bibs and for trifles of the sort will be realized in behalf of a friend or relative. No. 815 shows an exceedingly practical as well as attractive bib. The design is unusual and effective without meaning too great labor. Preferably it could be done in raised work and a good material for the purpose is linen lined with heavier linen or pique, and perhaps with an inner lining to give weight and stability.

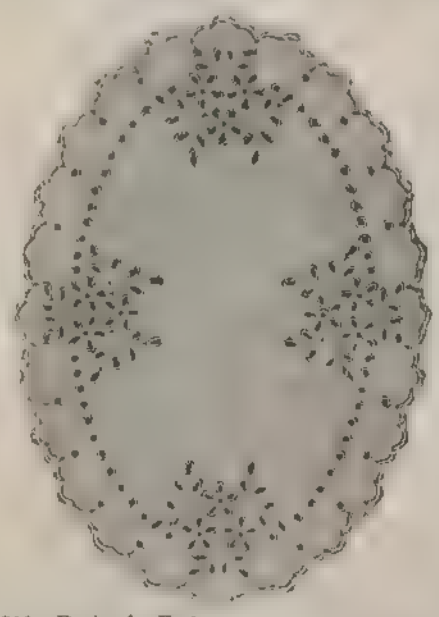
Sofa-pillows and doilies are always sure to be required. The designs that are shown here are most attractive and at the same time have the great advantage of being simple. The sofa-pillow is worked in the cross-stitch that is so popular and which requires no special skill. The pattern is of the transfer sort and by the use of a hot iron, the crosses can be stamped on the material. It also can be used as a guide for counting the threads and the stitches after the same familiar method. The flowers are roses. In the pattern they are indicated by heavier crosses and consequently can be distinguished with ease. Shades of rose are pretty for them with green for the leaves and perhaps, wood-color for the border. The doilies are round, each nine inches in diameter, and one oval of generous size that can be used beneath the platter or as a tray cloth and it has various other uses. The edges are all scalloped. The designs within the edges may be embroidered in eyelet work or in raised work or in a combination of the two. The oval doily is especially handsome with the dots in raised work and the remainder of the design in eyelet and the same effect would be found a good one for the doily shown to the right of the picture. The smaller doilies will, of course, be worked upon white linen, but the oval doily can be put to so many uses that it can be worked upon white linen for the dinner table, or upon gray linen and used beneath the lamp and for any similar practical purpose, although the shape and the design seem to render it especially well adapted to table use. It is very charming to lay over a serving tray, and it has indeed the advantage of being available for many household needs. All the scalloped edges require to be well padded and then button-holed, and sometimes to give extra strength, it is well to cut the material out a little beyond the button-holed edge and then to turn this edge under and then hem it firmly into place.



754—Design for Pillow in Cross-Stitch Style
Transfer pattern alone ..... $ .10
Stamped on art ticking, 22 x 22, with green back and floss to work .40



816—Design for Embroidering Doilies.
Transfer pattern alone ..... $ .10
Transfer patterns for both doilies given.
Stamped on best Scotch linen, 9 inches in diameter with mercerized floss to work, for the two ..... .30
Set of six of each design ..... $ 1.70



811—Design for Embroidering a Table Cover
Transfer pattern alone ..... $ .10
Stamped on pure white linen, 18 x 24 inches, with mercerized floss to work .... .35

All the designs of the month are good, each in its way. No one of them is at all difficult, and the transfer patterns are so easy to handle that the work comes well within the reach of even the beginner. To transfer successfully, it is necessary to have a hot iron, but care must be taken not to scorch the material, while the design must be placed accurately before the work is begun. There is a peculiar quality in the ink which causes it to stick instantly heat is applied, and as a result, the pattern cannot slip out of its place. But as a matter of course, it must be placed evenly before heat is applied.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of price. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, and number of pattern wanted. Address, Pattern Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

What American Men Say About Votes for Women

I am glad to testify to the wholesome effect of woman suffrage in Oregon. Instead of degrading woman, it has resulted in purifying the ballot and giving us better social and political conditions in that State. The influence of woman on the last Legislature has given us widows' pensions, so that women with dependent children are protected from poverty and want. It has also given us a minimum wage law for women and for minor children, so that the sweatshop is unknown in Oregon, and will always be unknown, due to the influence of women on our political and social conditions.—*Representative Sinnot of Oregon.*

* * *

Who knows better what is good for man than the mother who bore him? Do you consider your wife, your mother or your daughter unfit to determine what is best to do for good of country, state or city?—*Representative Reilly of Connecticut.*

* * *

Women are conscientious, and equal suffrage would create a large re-erve vote for civic righteousness. Those elements of the community who are least controlled by the dictates of conscience are always found among the opponents of equal suffrage.—*Representative Bell of California.*

* *

"The ballot in the hands of women will break down this system of unequal pay, and nothing else will do it," said Representative Kelly of Pennsylvania. He quoted the famous statistician, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, "The lack of direct political influence constitutes a powerful reason why women's wages have been kept at a minimum."

* * *

We are told that if we gave women the ballot our homes would be destroyed. Yet the homes of Colorado are intact to-day. Our women have not become truculent amazons; our churches are still maintained and are full of worshippers; our schools are in operation and are overflowing with rosy-cheeked youngsters.—*Representative Keating of Colorado.*

MAPLE LEAF CASH PRIZES

$20.00 to a Patriotic People and an Extra $5.00 to the Sender of Best Letter Telling Experience of a Day's Shopping

WHAT do you know and what do you care to say about each of the twenty Made in Canada products as named in the maple leaves on our novel inside back cover this month?

We are going to give one good big prize of $10.00—your choice of $10.00 worth of goods selected from these advertisements from this issue of Everywoman's World, to the sender of the best letter in answer to the following questions. Then we will give $5.00 in cash or goods to the sender of the second best answer, and we will give twenty-five (25) lucky Blue-Bird Sterling Silver rings (emblems of happiness) to the senders of the next 25 best letters.

1st.—State briefly just what you know about each of these twenty articles as advertised on the inside back cover of Everywoman's World this month.

2nd—State in each case whether or not you use the article or, if not, if you would like to have one or more of them,and please state why. Mention if there is some other article that you use, or like better, in any case.

AN EXTRA $5.00 PRIZE

To the reader of Everywoman's World who, in addition to answering the foregoing questions, will send the best short letter relating an experience while shopping for Made in Canada goods and stating why she is buying Made in Canada products in preference to others we will award $5.00 cash.

Will you try? Your letter will help us and help and encourage Canadian manufacturers; and in addition to the prize you may win you will be doing something worthy to help make a better Canada and better things for all Canadians.

Let us hear from you now while you are thinking about this question. Address your letters to THE MAPLE LEAF DIVISION, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, TORONTO

DO YOU KNOW?

Of any meritorious Canadian-made goods that you, or one of your friends have tried and found to be good, but which are comparatively unknown generally?

$10.00 Prize in Goods.

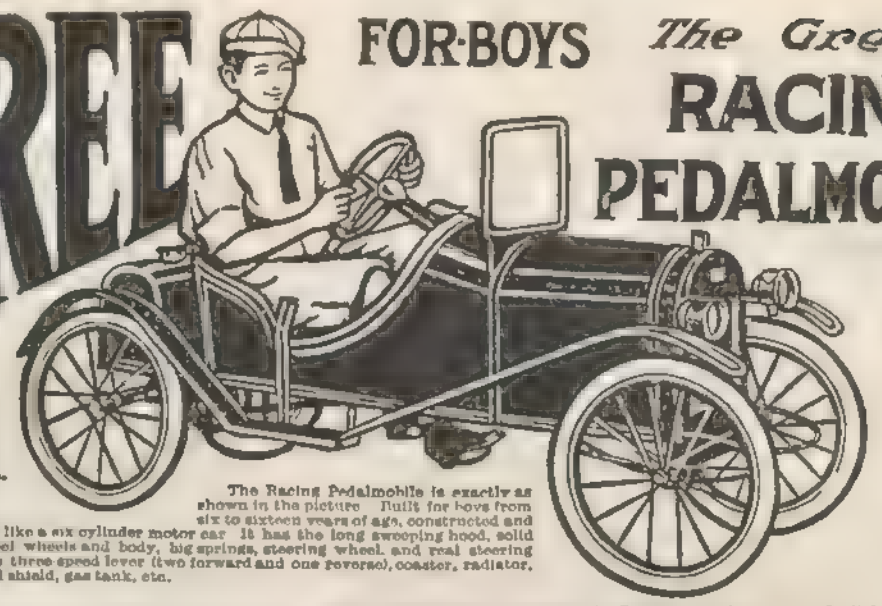
At the present time there are many instances where good goods are being made here in Canada, but are practically unknown. Nearly every day our friends are discovering something of this nature here at home and are telling us every few days of some article which they cannot buy here as it is not made here. But after investigation they so often find that it is made in Canada but under an unknown brand or perhaps without being branded at all. In many cases we have found the goods to be better on trial than the imported article.

Now perhaps this has been your experience recently, and if so you can help us! Naturally, it is our business to seek out good goods that give satisfaction,—for we want to pass the information on to other people who will be glad to know of the goods they need.

Write us telling of such goods you know and favor. We will award to the sender of the best letter choice of $10.00 in goods to be chosen from the advertisements in this issue of Everywoman's World.

In sending your letter will you name also three or more articles or lines of goods not as yet advertised in Everywoman's World, but which you know—from your own favorable experience with said articles or goods— should be advertised to all Canadian women in the better Canadian homes through Everywoman's World. Send your letter to Advertising Division, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont

FREE FOR BOYS The Great RACING PEDALMOBILE And A Guaranteed Watch



An exact model of a six cylinder 50 h.p. car. Weighs 145 lbs. but easy to operate.

A Grand Proposition For Live Wide Awake Boys

You can be one of the bright boys who are going to receive prizes of these magnificent Pedalmobiles.

The Racing Pedalmobile is exactly as shown in the picture. Built for boys from six to sixteen years of age, constructed and equipped exactly like a six cylinder motor car. It has the long sweeping hood, solid rubber tires, steel wheels and body, big springs, steering wheel, and real steering rod and knuckles three speed lever (two forward and one reverse), coaster, radiator, horn, lamp, wind shield, gas tank, etc.

BOYS, you never had an opportunity as great as this there isn't a live wire wide awake boy but who wants to own a Pedalmobile. Make up your mind to own one of these big handles to day.

Pedalmobiling is the greatest sport ever invented. you simply jump in the car, apply the speed lever, touch your feet to the pedals and go spinning along to beat the band. Put on your coast and take turns without pedaling, turn the sharpest corners without fear of spilling, blow your horn when anyone is in the way or reverse your speed lever and stop. In fact the Pedalmobile will do everything a real auto will, only it don't use up gasoline. It's a big strong all steel, hollow, and just think of it boys and girls, you can get a Racing Pedalmobile absolutely **Free.** The watch we are offering is a real dandy, so strong and reliable that a great many of our boys workers have taken them to the front. It has a solid nickel case, brightly polished and engraved with a fine engine design. Best American movement, stem wind and stem set, and absolutely guaranteed for one year. Boys, do these great prizes interest you? Then read on —

We are the publishers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Great Home Magazine. We have more than 600,000 readers in the best homes in Canada. But there are thousands and thousands of people in other homes who want to see this great magazine and would be glad to have EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD come to them.

We want bright active boys to introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD to these new homes and look after our sales every month.

Thousands of Canadian boys are representing magazines and making a lot of money, and many fine big prizes too. We want these boys, and boys who have never done this kind of work to find out how easy it is to represent a real Canadian home magazine. It is pleasant work and good work and the rewards are the best ever given.

Now here is our Great Offer.—Write to us to day and we will send you by express all charges paid, 30 copies of next month's grand big issue. It is one of the most wholesome published, and also rich in bright stories, live up to the minute articles, special departments of exceptional interest to every woman in every Canadian home. We want you to sell these 30 copies to the ladies in your district at the regular price of 10c. each. It is easy. You can do it in half an hour after school. Every woman buys a copy the minute you show EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. In fact, many of our bright boys sell over 200 copies a month. Besides these grand prizes you can make a whole lot of money—all you want, selling Everywoman's World.

Return our $3.00 when the copies are sold and we will at once send you this magnificent Army and Navy Watch, just as shown here, and the big Pedalmobile you can also get, without taking any more subscriptions by simply showing your grand watch to your friends and getting only six of them to sell EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and earn our grand premiums as you did.

Remember boys, it does not cost you a single penny to gain this grand Watch and the finest Pedalmobile ever shown. All we ask is a little of your time, not for us, but an easy pleasant task that any bright boy or girl would be proud to do. We want two thousand new boy and girl agents this month to help us introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. You can assist us in our task and you will be rewarded by the finest prizes ever given to Canadian boys and girls.

Don't miss this great opportunity. Write to-day to

CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., Limited Publishers of Everywoman's World Dept. W TORONTO ONTARIO

MONEY For You MONEY

Women who read EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD can add from $10.00 to $35.00 a week to their incomes by proper use of their spare time.

Over 3,000 women earned big cash rewards during 1914.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has an astounding offer to make. This opportunity is open to both men and women—boys and girls can take advantage of it too.

Do you need money? Do you desire to augment your present income? Would an additional income, of say $5.00 to $15.00 a week, earned during your spare time, mean much to you? If it would, then it is high time that you and EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD get together. We can help you. You write us to-day. Working on our plan is easy, pleasant and dignified. Its money making possibilities are only limited by the amount of time you can devote to the work.

OUR COMPLETE OUTFIT FREE TO YOU

We have the most successful subscription getting outfit that has ever been used. Tell us how many subscriptions or renewals you think you can secure, and we will send this fine outfit free to you postage paid. With it to help you, you will find subscription getting for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD so easy and pleasant and profitable that you will be surprised you had not thought of trying it before. When we send you the outfit we will also give you full particulars of the grandest money making offer ever made by any magazine.

One hour's work a day on our plan will net you $2.00. Isn't that worth finding out about?

You can also have our subscription getting outfit if you wish to earn any of the premiums shown here. We want you to realize how very very easy it is to earn any of our fine premiums or a whole lot of money by taking subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Get the free outfit to-day and try. You take no risk—you do not invest a single penny, and you can build up a steady, independent business that will grow and grow, year in and year out.

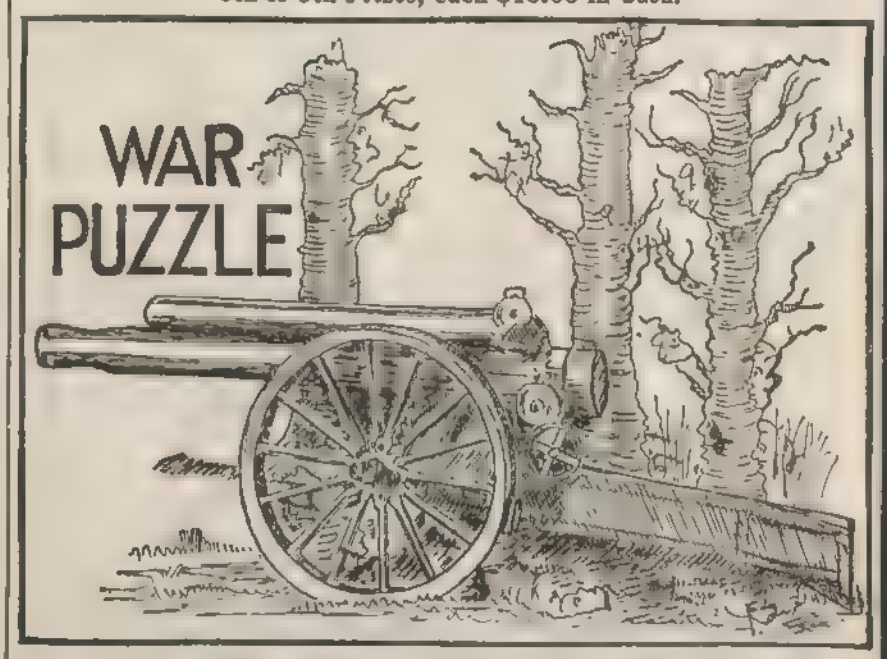
Write to-day for the outfit and full particulars of our great offer. Address:

H. G. Allard,
Subscription Manager,
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD,
Toronto, Ont.

LOOK!!! $200.00 IN CASH

AND 100 VALUABLE PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY

1st Prize, $50.00 in Cash. | 3rd Prize, $35.00 in Cash.
2nd Prize, $40.00 in Cash. | 4th Prize, $25.00 in Cash.
5th to 9th Prizes, each $10.00 in Cash.



Above will be found the picture of a modern gun of the kind that is being used in the present war. At a glance the gun and some old trees appear to be all there is in the picture, but by careful scrutiny some soldiers' faces will be found. There are 19 of them in all. Can you find them? It is no easy task, but by patience and perseverance can be accomplished.

You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses published below. If you find the faces mark each one you find with an X cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness will be considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time, but as there are TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and One Hundred premiums given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter. Remember, all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."

We do not ask You to Spend One Cent of Your Money in order to enter this Contest.

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Two Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this company, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Below will be found a partial list of the names and addresses of a few persons who have won some of our larger prizes in recent contests. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else, as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

Names and Addresses of a few Prize-Winners in recent Contests.

Mrs. W. A. C. Orr, 298 Gunnell St., Winnipeg	$50.00	Mr. K. A. Rodger, 4 Manhattan Apts., Church St. Toronto	$35.00
Miss E. Brodeur, 6 Gilmour St., Sherbrooke	50.00	Mrs. J. B. Giroux, 658 Maisonneuve St. Montreal	35.00
Mr. Louis Quintal, Charlemagne, Que.	50.00	Mrs. A. Ferguson, 32 Sobert Block, Winnipeg	35.00
Mr. Alphonse Drouin, Dept. of Sec. of State, Ottawa	50.00	Mr. H. B. Strange, 300 Rockland Rd., St. John, N.B.	35.00
Mr. J. A. St. Pierre, Arthabaska, Que.	50.00	Miss Mary Cochrane, 114 Preston St., Ottawa	35.00
Mrs. R. McMillan, 335 Medland St., West Toronto	50.00	Mrs. G. H. Benson, 33 Hargrave St., Winnipeg	35.00
Mr. H. Lloyd, Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Ont.	50.00	Mrs. W. D. Little, Powassan, Ont.	30.00
Mr. Jos. F. Champagne, 232 Bolton, Ottawa, Ont.	50.00	Mr. Thos. Blakey, 88 Huntley St., Toronto	25.00
Miss Daisy Rabey, 183 University Ave., Toronto	40.00	Miss Mary Lamb, 28 Spencer St., St. John's, Nfld.	25.00
Mr. Jas. W. London, 486 Ross Ave., Winnipeg, Man.	40.00	Miss E. A. Kennedy, 36 Railway St., Hamilton	25.00
Miss I. B. Benjamin, 125 Hughson St., Hamilton	40.00	Mr. Jules Vascancelles, Goulais River, Ont.	25.00
Miss E. C. Powell, P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont.	40.00	Mr. Jno. M. Sullivan, Duckworth St. John's, Nfld.	25.00
Mrs. Andrew Johnson, Box 103, Roblin, Man.	40.00	Mrs. R. H. Dunnett, 300 Hughson St. Hamilton	25.00
Mr. Norman Robinson, Milford Haven, Ont.	40.00	Mr. W. C. Mason, 8475 Hutchison St. Montreal	25.00
Mr. Thos. Humphries, c/o Ayers & Sons, St. John's	40.00	Mrs. H. W. Hanley, Box 171 Ingersoll, Ont.	25.00
Mr. F. A. Ferguson, 323 James Ave., Winnipeg	40.00	Mr. M. J. Browne, 95 St. George St., Toronto, Ont.	25.00
Mrs. Quinnie M. Stark, 234 Mary's Place, Winnipeg, Man.	35.00	Mrs. Francis Boynton, 235 Ross St., St. Thomas, Ont.	25.00

Send your reply direct to **HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTY CO.,** MONTREAL, CAN.

LADIES WANTED

To do light, remunerative work at home. Materials supplied. Experience unnecessary. Enclose 2c stamp for particulars.

THE HOME EMPLOYMENT CO.
575 Ontario Street Toronto, Ont.

BOYS WANTED

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has a great money making opportunity for bright boys. We can help your boy turn his spare time into dollars. The work is dignified, pleasant, profitable. It will teach him the value of money, and make a better man of him. Write for particulars to the Secretary

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HOW THE MAGAZINES CAN HELP THE SCHOOL TEACHER

BY ANNA TOMWELL

If you have a son, or a daughter, a sister or a brother at school, show this article to their teachers, for this plea, most direct and particular, that we should use magazines and periodicals in the schools will interest them. In both public and high schools, but more especially in the high schools, where the age of the students permits their extended use, magazine reading should find a place in the daily work. Magazines and periodicals give the life of the time in literature, in information, in biography. Right now, their use by teachers and pupils both in and out of school is negligible, although we hear of instances where the teachers are realizing their value. We believe that an extended use of magazines and periodicals in the schools would increase the efficiency of the schools beyond calculation.

SCHOOLS get behind the times; schools always have gotten behind the times, as the history of education tells, and have had to be brought up again—a hard matter, as the lives of famous educators show. In Canada are schools that we consider—and rightly—to be good schools; but they are not as good as they could be. When the curriculum is laid down, teachers trained, and time tables arranged, there is the framework of the modern school; the life-blood has still to be added, and vitality inspired. How often is the school really alive? To what extent is the school directly related to the life of its city, to the life of the nation, or to the life of the pupils? You may go into one mathematics class after another to find students yawning over difficulties in arithmetic, bored over problems in geometry, trigonometry and algebra, because they do not realize the real importance of these subjects, because the problems have no reality beyond the demands of an examination. The geography classes may be enlivened by visits to the moving picture theatre if there is one in town that shows the right kind of pictures, but in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the geography classes are only recitations out of a text-book, dull beyond the power of fancy to imagine. History text-books glide over the last fifty years as if the last fifty years were ice too thin to bear them, the result being that the relation of history to present politics is not realized; the result of this is that the boys and girls, when becoming ever so little older, they are men and women have no vital realization of the life of the nation, and the national life suffers. "Literature"—at the word some boy groans, having recollections of weary hours over an author who seems to him old-fashioned, some girl sighs over longer hours spent memorizing lines she did not appreciate. "What"—they ask, and are not answered—"what is the use of this old stuff?" Even in the science classes over the latest subjects on the curriculum, the same deadly dull, unreal, impracticable spirit of inactivity steals. *The schools get out of touch with life.*

At present neither teachers nor students use magazines and periodicals purposely and purposively in the study of the subject in hand. Because everyone reads magazines to a certain extent, the teachers at least know something of what is being done and written in the different departments of human life. *But they don't apply their knowledge to their teaching.* They stick to the text-book. Of course, to a large extent they feel impelled to do this; even so, a determined effort on their part for freedom and spontaneity in teaching must in the nature of things succeed. The schools could have more life.

What may teachers and students expect to find in magazines and periodicals that will have bearing on the process of education, that will give them insipration, information and help? First and foremost they get the record of our present day life, throbbing vitality, reality surging with interest. They will not find the present-day reality in a text-book of European manners at the close of the Napoleonic wars, necessary as this subject is, rightly considered. We do not need to sacrifice knowledge of the history of former times to keep in touch with current events, but most certainly the former should give a place to the latter. It is more necessary to know the how and why of garden cities and town planning and of urban transportation than it is to know the method of conducting tax-gathering in the Roman Empire. Modern social conditions are treated and treated well in modern magazines; they are not mentioned in school text-books. It is from our knowledge of present conditions that we obtain inspiration for our modern life. It is from living men and women that we get the ideas that count in making life what it may be. Present history and present biography are in the magazines.

Besides this general knowledge of facts and of persons, various scores of periodicals are devoted to the very subjects that form some part of the education of the schools. From these both teacher and pupils can get inspiration and also the latest information as to what is being done in their department. It means a great deal to boys and girls to realize that literature is not an invention of Professor Dry-as-Dust, but a living reality; that new discoveries are being made in geography; that art is a thing of the present, and science of the future. Read *The Bookman's* critique on Dickens, on Scott; let the class see that living men care a good deal about these writers that the boys and girls consider old-fashioned, and the boys and girls will fall in line and catch the enthusiasm; Dickens and Scott have suddenly got life. Or read a little travel story from one of the standard magazines describing Scott's home as it now is, and see the interest in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (a text-book poem) go up one hundred per cent. Let the girl who despises mathematical calculations read of Mme. Curie's work in radium in a magazine and she will realize the importance of mathematics and go at her work in a different spirit. Interest in Canadian history will be vivified by discovering that log-cabins are still of sufficient interest to everyone that a modern magazine gives several pages of pictures of them. In science and in art, the magazines are full of information which the live teacher and school cannot afford to ignore. Think

what the value would be of a study of pictorial composition and decoration from the pages of modern periodicals. I saw a class one day fascinated by a wall full of decorative and poster work from high class magazines. It is not a question of what is there in the magazines that the schools can use; but, rather, how can the schools get on without using magazines and periodicals?

Then comes the question: Knowing that the magazines and periodicals contain information that is needed in the class-room, that they have a value in giving purpose and meaning to school work, how can they best be used, and how will their general acknowledged value work out in detail? They must be used by both teachers and students both in and out of the class-room. The advantage of their use to teachers being evident, it is not necessary to deal with this phase of the matter. There remains the unworked field of their use in the class-room.

When I say that magazines and periodicals will give inspiration to the work of the school-room, I do not mean that their use to thie end should become part of the routine; if this happens, reference to magazines, reading from them, the use of them would become as mechanical as some of the class-work criticized in this article. But there is no doubt that an occasional reading from a modern article dealing with a man or woman who is doing something in the world, or from an account of a new discovery in science or travel, would really vitalize the lives and work of both teachers and pupils, and bring a fresh realization of the direct relation of the school work to life. Instead of being a more or less efficient preparation for life, the school life would be realized to be part of life itself.

For arousing and maintaining interest and lessening the strain of direct discipline, the use of magazines would seem pertinent. Imagine the effect on dull, worried and tired students, if the teacher in history walked into the class-room, and without a reference to text-book or lesson, began to read a modern article on the subject of the lesson. Gone the dullness, the tiredness, and the lack of interest; and by the time the reading was finished, the class would be ready and keen for the historical discussion. For one thing, such evident interest on the part of the teacher in his work arouses a response in the class, although they may not be conscious of the reason.

To have the pupils look up and get the articles ready to read, too, is ideal; and with students of High School age this method of bringing modern information to the school-room can be used to advantage. The debating societies already use periodicals in preparing debates, and their use for this is spreading to the debates which are now a part of the school-work

(*Concluded on page 25*)

BY AND ABOUT WOMEN

What is Being Said the World Over and Who is Saying It

Rules for the Busy Shopper

SHOPPING ought to be a recreation. It is a very praiseworthy means of having a pleasant time, of seeing beautiful things, of buying wisely what you need and desire. But shopping as many women do it is all wrong. These women return from a day in the shops tired and discouraged, envious and worn.

Here are some rules for the wise shopper that may help her to make shopping a boon instead of a nerve-wrecking, spirit-depressing undertaking.

(1) Do stop at home long enough to eat a nutritious breakfast.

(2) Neither should breakfast be swallowed too hastily.

(3) Don't wear a new pair of shoes on a shopping excursion.

(4) Don't tell a clerk you will come back after your package and change and then hurry away in search of another bargain.

(5) Don't ask for samples on Saturday or during the busiest hours of the day.

(6) Do have a little patience with the clerks.

(7) Do plan your shopping as systematically as you can.

(8) Don't take children shopping with you if you can possibly avoid putting this tax upon their young shoulders.

(9) Don't ask a clerk whether she thinks you should wear this or that color.—*Jane Cowle.*

Accuracy Counts

To every young girl beginning her business life I would say, take your work seriously, believe in its importance. Even if it be only such elementary work as addressing envelopes or putting away indexes, it is of importance to your employer that these simple duties should be done with accuracy. If they are not his business is affected.—*L. Reed.*

What This World Needs

What are the world's needs that you and I may personally meet and serve them? I might write pages and pages and I could never name them all. There is the world's need for beauty. How much do we serve this need, you and I, personally? The world's need for truth; the world's need for clear, honest thinking; and the world's need for good, honest work, honestly done.

Then there is the world's need for justice and right thinking, and clear thinking and honour and truth; there is the world's need that we deal with its problems intelligently, thoughtfully. And beyond the more material and intellectual needs are the unlimited spiritual needs of the world, its need of patience, courage, forgiveness, unselfishness, charity, and a hundred things more. And as we meet these needs efficiently and in our own manner, we are using our talents and augmenting them, and as we fail to meet them, we are neglecting to use our talents, and allowing them to wither.—*Marie Cheff.*

Settling Disputes

One thing we should never do if we remembered how children feel about it—have quarrels with father before them. Sometimes it does seem impossible not to argue over some matter, however fond you are of each other—but don't disagree before the children. Save it up, and "have it out" with each other when the children have gone to bed—though that's just the time when you should be happy and cosy.—*Myrtle Reed.*

Your Shop Window

Your appearance and manner, your habits and dress, are regarded as the show-windows which advertise what you have inside.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

HOW TO MAKE A FANCY BASQUE WITH SURPLICE FRONTS

(*Continued from page 17*)

any little change needed it will probably be in the under-arm or shoulder seams, and it must be made before the seams are stitched or any further work is done, but if the figure is the normal one, the pattern will be absolutely correct, no change need be made. After satisfying yourself that the basque fits correctly, stitch the seams carefully, then open and bind each edge separately with thin silk seam binding and press open. As the next step, cut bias under-facings an inch in width and underface all except the armhole edges of the blouse. Stitch one long edge of the underfacing to the edges of the blouse, then turn on the seam, baste and hem the remaining edge into place with tiny little stitches that are as nearly invisible on the right side as possible, for the hand finish is fashionable to-day, and means a sense of elegance that is not to be obtained in any other way. In the picture the edges of the basque are stitched and that finish can be used if liked, but it is really more desirable for cloth and woolen material than it is for silk, although it is quite as correct to stitch in this way if one likes the result. A wool crepe, for example, would be pretty with the stitched edges, but silk would be a little handsomer with only the hand sewing.

After underfacing, press with a warm but not hot iron and then the basque will be ready for the sleeves. Close the seams, meeting notches exactly and holding the little fullness that is found in the upper edges between the notches. If the sleeves are long, as in the picture, the cuffs are to be used for the lower edges. Cut the lining the same as the outside and join the edges of the cuffs and the lining separately, then arrange one over the other with the right sides together and stitch along the unnotched edges. Turn, press the edges and the seams, and arrange the cuffs over the sleeves with the seams and the notches exactly meeting; then under face the edges of the cuffs and sleeves together with a bias strip of the material, either that of the basque or of the lining material, as you like. If you have chosen three-quarter sleeves, over face the lower edges with the material to match the basque or with the trimming material, as you prefer, and make the overfacing approximately three inches in width to give the effect of cuffs. Baste the sleeves in the arm-holes with the notches exactly meeting and the large perforations in each at the shoulder seam, and while basting take care to hold the sleeve toward you as that will provide a little spring in the edges of the basque and produce a better fit. Stitch the seams carefully, then bind the two edges of each together with silk binding. Turn the seams up under the basque and tack them to the shoulder seams and the under-arm seams to hold them in position.

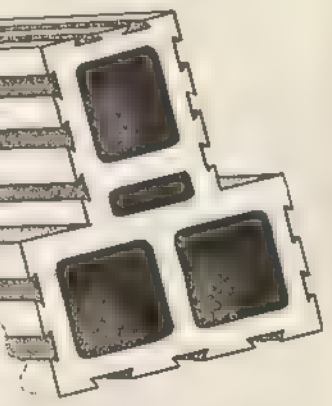
The vestee and collar are cut and finished separately, then arranged under the basque. To get the best and neatest finish, the collar and vestee must be made double, that is, lined with the same material. Cut the lining exactly the same as the outside, then join the back of the collar to the front with vestee and join the back of the lining in the same way. Lay the lining and the collar together, the right sides meeting, and baste all around the outer edges on the traced outline, then stitch carefully, remove the bastings, and turn on the seam. Again baste very close to the edge with small stitches and press carefully, placing a cloth between the iron and the material. Slip the collar with the vestee under the edges of the blouse with the edges of the blouse meeting the double perforations, and roll the collar over on the single perforations. To keep it in place and produce a becoming flare, bone the points with the silk-covered, waved wire that is sold for such purposes, and arrange this wire right over the seams, tacking firmly into place. When the collar is rolled over, the wire should be on the under side so that it is not visible when the blouse is worn. The edges of the vestee are designed to meet exactly at the center. To make a satisfactory lap, arrange a straight strip of material one and one-quarter inches wide along the left-hand side and let it extend one-half inch beyond the front edge. Fell the front edge to place, catching the stitches through to the lining only. Then when the blouse is closed there will be a lap over which the edges can meet. Work small buttonholes on each side of the vestee, as shown in the illustration, and use either links for closing or pretty buttons with eyes, and join each two on the under side by means of a silk cord, to form links.

To make with the bow at the back, gather the ends of the extensions on the fronts of the basque between the double crosses, draw up to a width of three inches and stay. Make the bow quite separately. Underface all edges and finish to match the basque. Gather at the center on the perforations and draw each row of gathers up to three inches. Bring the two rows of gathers on each side together to form loops, and tack to position. Spread the loops out over the ends and cover the gathers with a little strip of the material. Sew the bow to the edge of the left front and sew hooks and eyes or snap fastenings on the right side to attach into place.

To adjust the blouse, close the vest as already directed, with the links, and lap the right front of the basque over the left with the large perforations meeting. Hook the extensions together under the bow and hook the right side of the bow into place. If you prefer a simple knot to the bow, cut the extensions longer as already directed, omit the gathers and loop one end of the sash over the other.

For a woman of medium size, will be reqired 3¼ yds. of material 44 in. wide, with ⅝ yd. 27 in. wide for the chemisette, collar and cuffs.

THE WONDERFUL NEW HOUSE



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WOMEN WORTH KNOWING

(Continued from page 13)

her household, where the routine work is committed to servants carefully selected. The staff includes a nurse for the children. For the mistress sees more rhyme than reason in the "brooding" of a mother where a nurse will answer, especially when nurses are out of work, and the brains of the mother are badly needed elsewhere. There is plenty of play and companionship with "Mummy," notwithstanding that a nurse is the agent who buttons them into two little jumpers, curls their hair and gets their dinners ready. It is "Mummy" herself who puts them to "Beebos," kisses their bumps, tells them stories and helps them make things grow in little gardens.

"One needs a nest," says this capable woman who is able to do so much for the public welfare. And I fancy her nest is the inspiration which makes her want the sky for other people.

Before her marriage in 1909, Mrs. Lang, who was then Miss Hollington, of "Clock House," Enfield, England, had attained an enviable reputation as a lecturer on political and social topics. She was known in Scotland as well as in England. Her knowledge of the subjects she handled was complete and she spoke with telling authority and directness. She came to America in 1906, for a holiday after her strenuous campaigning in connection with the General Elections and toured the United States and Canada. She had known Professor Lang for years, previous to the happy event in the little church at Enfield, which made the bachelor, hitherto scatheless, a benedict of the most contented description and added a leader of women to this country.

The wedding was the gayest of gay occasions. "Clock House," the Hollington estate at Enfield, consists of a solid Georgian mansion set in the midst of an old fashioned garden of ancient trees, greensward and flowers. Located at the juncture of three counties, Essex, Middlesex and Herdfordshire, this garden has been cultivated for several centuries, and was once part of the hunting-ground of "Good Queen Bess."

Since coming to Canada Mrs. Lang has been a most active and able worker in several progressive women's organizations. In connection with the Club for the Study of Social Science, she has given social reformers in Toronto the benefit of her first-hand, expert investigations of the local housing and sweat-shop situation. She has worked through the press as well as on the platform, her articles being as telling as her speeches. In addition, she is the energetic and tactful secretary of the National Union of Woman's Suffrage Societies of Canada and Recording Secretary of the Dominion Council, Young Women's Christian Association. But of all her work of a philanthropic nature perhaps none is so characteristic of this big-hearted, sunny-tempered and diplomatic woman, as this latest of all her undertakings: the mothering of mothers and their babies.

Our Literary Visitor from Simla
Mrs. Cotes

THERE are two classes of women in the world: those to whom nothing exciting happens (unless you call those experiences exciting which go in the "Hatches, matches and dispatches" columns) and those to whom things continually happen, as though they possessed the philosopher's stone or some such occult and potent treasure. To the latter class belongs Mrs. Cotes, otherwise Sarah Jeanette Duncan, whose fame rests on the books she has written, *not* on the mild success of her drama, "His Royal Happiness," which was "put on" in Toronto, not long since. (This novelist, it would seem, is not a playwright.) All through her life she has had the faculty of going to meet the mountain, like Mahomet, and getting the view from the top of the obstruction instead of letting the mountain block the prospect. It would seem to be one of her rules of life to "get there."

Mrs. Cotes' first novel, "A Social Departure," has enjoyed a vogue as complete as "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen," by the Countess von Arnim, or as "The Fortune of Christina McNab," by Miss MacNaughton. The Canadian author, the Germanized Englishwoman, and the Scotch writer are one in a cosmopolitanism which gives the styles of the three a certain sameness. They have all observed life in a diversity of places; have studied it, analyzed it, sketched it; have played much on the piquancy of contrasts.

"A Social Departure" is particularly interesting in the light of our statement that Mrs. Cotes belongs to the class of those to whom things happen. It was published in the year 1890 and grew out of her tour of the world in company with one, Mrs. Lilian Rood (and in spite of one, "Mrs. Grundy") just to see things. Interests came to be her portion automatically, *because* she had the will and wit to *make* them.

That is how the name of this Brantford girl came to be grouped with the names of Europeans in the minds of people who follow modern fiction. She was constitutionally unprovincial—being not content with the cradle, the altar, and the grave as the principal pegs to hang a life on. She wanted more stir, and she got it by stages, being first a teacher in an Ontario public school, then a newspaper woman with the Washington Post, a staff member on the Globe, Toronto, and parliamentary correspondent for the Montreal Star, at Ottawa. When she married, she did not abandon her quill for the rolling-pin or domestic darning needle by any means. Her husband, Mr. E. C. Cotes, managing director of the Indian News Agency, was not "a bushel" fortunately, under which his wife was obliged to hide her candle. Indeed, the transition from Canada to Simla, but added new fuel to the literary fire and gave the world "The Simple Adventures of Memsahib," "The Story of Sonny Sahib," and other tales.

Titles of additional novels by this author which hint the wide range of her subjects and suggest the lightness of touch which has popularized her are:—"An American Girl in London," "Vernon's Aunt," "A Daughter of To-day," "His Honour and a Lady," "A Voyage of Consolation," "The Path of a Star," "On the Other Side of the Latch," "Those Delightful Americans," "The Pool in the Desert," "The Imperialist," "Set in Authority," "Cousin Cinderella—A Canadian Girl in London," "The Burnt Offering," and "Mary Pageter."

The week of her play at "The Princess" in Toronto, the author was locally much feted—two of the bigger social functions in her honour being a reception given by the Heliconian Club and a tea given by Lady Willison to the Toronto Women's Press Club—several of the members renewing their acquaintance with the sometime journalist of their city, and all delighting in the visitor from Simla, whose clever books have made her justly famous.

Everywoman's World Great Proverb Picture Contest
A Message to Contestants and Intending Competitors

FIRST of all let us tell those of our readers who did not send an answer to the pictures which are shown in the January issue, that it is not yet too late to send an answer and thus take part in the Great Contest for $500.00 in cash and the valuable prizes. Readers of Everywoman's World will be wise to take advantage of this Birthday celebration of Canada's Great Home Magazine. If you have not yet sent in your entry, get out one of your back issues and send an answer in to-day.

The Contest Manager notices that quite a few readers to whom we sent the complete series of 12 pictures have not yet forwarded their complete set of answers. Most of our contestants have sent in their answers and in the most of cases the duly qualified complete set of answers was sent in either a day or two after the proverb pictures were forwarded. Of course there is still a good bit of time before the closing of the contest, but in order that there may be no disappointment we strongly urge every reader intending to send in a set of answers to see that same reach us, duly qualified, with the least possible delay.

Some of the answers received so far are very interesting indeed, and show signs of considerable thought and care being taken. What the judges will take into consideration, however, after the correctness of the answers to each proverb, is simply the neatness in the handwriting and general "get up" of your reply. Last year's best prizes went to persons who had never before won anything in contests of this kind. They simply sent their answers in their own way, neat and trim, as a letter being sent to a friend, and they found favor in the judges' eyes.

Someone is going to get that $500.00 cash first prize. Why shouldn't it be you? Don't overlook also the $450.00 upright piano, the Shetland pony and cart, the handsome Columbia Grafonola and records, the $100.00 diamond ring, the furniture, jewellery and watches, and list of other grand prizes that make up the great prize list. It may be a long time before another opportunity such as this presents itself to you so take advantage of it while you may.

The answers received so far have all been carefully numbered and filed away to await the closing date when they will be sent on to the judges. In our opinion, there is still the best opportunity of all for some of the bright readers of Everywoman's World to file answers that will bring down the very biggest of the prizes. Get out last month's number—look at the pictures on page 24, and send in your answer to-day. If you haven't a copy handy, write and we will send you one. Address, M. A. Lowrie, Contest Manager, Everywoman's World.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED
It is a disease—not a habit

"Some years ago I was a heavy drinker. Demon drink had me in his grip. Friends, business, family were slipping from me. Ruin stared me in the face.
But one friend remained, a physician Through his efforts

I WAS SAVED

This man had made a scientific study of drunkenness as a disease He had found a cure for it."
It was a case like this that made me realize how many others were in need of aid, and determined me, if possible, to offer Samaria Prescription to the world.
The treatment is absolutely different from others. It can be given without the patient's knowledge if desired. Thousands of wives, mothers, daughters and sisters have saved their men-folk from the curse of alcohol through it.

IT CURES

In a few days, all craving for alcohol is gone, and the patient is restored to health, happiness, family and friends, and the respect of all.
I am ready to tell you about it, absolutely.

FREE—SEND NO MONEY

Just send me your name and address, saying: "Please tell me how I can cure drunkenness," that is all you need to say. I will understand and will write you at once telling you all about my wonderful cure for DRUNKENNESS, and will also send you a TRIAL PACKAGE, which will show you how the treatment can be given without the patient's knowledge. All this I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE in a plain, sealed package, at once.
Do not delay; send me a post card, or write me a letter to-day. Do not be afraid to send in your name. I always treat correspondence as sacredly confidential.
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We Supply Everything Needed For Success

Here are some recent successes:

Miss M. R. of Palmerston, Ont., made $18.25 in a few hours. Master R. A. of Winnipeg (age 14 years) has made over $14.25 this month. Miss S. J., of Edmonton, Alta, has made over $18.00 this month, and hundreds of men and women gain extra incomes of from $10.00 to $25.00 per month on our plan.

Write today and you can get an exclusive agency in your district. We show you how to adopt EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD work to your spare time and makes it a big money maker. Costs you nothing to try. Send a postcard while you think of it. NOW. Address:

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POULTRY

Some Facts and Figures with Comment Showing Possible Egg Production for the Individual Hen. Rather Astonishing Records

Conducted by N. C. CAMPBELL, B.S.A.

HOW many eggs should a good hen lay in a year?

Did you ever keep books, or records, for your laying hens and find out just how many eggs they laid?

If you are keeping hens for profit, or merely just because you have always had some poultry around, you will find it exceedingly interesting to keep records of egg production—and, if you will, also of costs.

What would you say would be a good record for any one hen to make in the way of egg production for one year? And how many eggs should you expect from a good pen of twenty-five select birds?

If I were talking to you face to face and asking you these questions I reckon it would be a pretty safe wager that you would answer "I do not know, I have never thought about it in this way."

Unless my memory serves me poorly, the average flock of hens, as kept on farms throughout the country, produce from 75 to 90 eggs for each individual layer per year. I fancy this would not include a lot of those old drones—three-year-old and very old hens that cannot be expected to lay particularly well, if they lay at all!

THE moralists tell us that it is well to have a standard, to aim at something,—for if we aim at nothing we are very likely to hit it. So let me give you some facts and figures, and give you quite a bit of information this month, in these columns of Everywoman's World, about what some real good hens have done in the way of setting standards to which other hens may be bred and developed to approach. I am going to tell you about some of the great international egg-laying competitions that have become popular during the past two or three years. The records made may perhaps astonish you if you have records available covering what your own flock of hens have accomplished; at least, these records furnish an ideal towards which we may strive with some hope of attainment.

High-Record Layers—Veritable Egg Machines—"Invariably an individuality of type such as high tails, large combs, and either long or deep bodies."

An S.C. Rhode Island Red produced 254 eggs and an S.C. White Leghorn produced 253 eggs within a year in the third annual International Egg-laying contest, conducted under the auspices of the Agricultural College, at Storrs, Conn. I thought that this was an astonishing record when I first got the figures, but lately I learn that three hens in the International Egg-laying Contest running at Thorndale, Pa., during the past year made official records, each as follows:—264, 263, and 256 eggs, their average being 261.

Put the foregoing alongside of the records from your own good flock, which are probably making an average of about 100 eggs or thereabouts for the year, and you see at once the possibility that lies in still better stock and in still better feed and attention for them.

The records as given in the foregoing are really marvellous. Let us consider it in relation to some other things that we can more easily understand and appreciate:

As a hen never lays more than one egg a day, this represents 261 days' work—or more days, after deducting Sundays, holidays and vacations, than the average business man spends at his office or store!

I thought I would like to show you a picture of these wonderful hens, so I have asked our Superintending Editor to have an illustration made to go with this article this month. These birds are the three in the foreground in the illustration, counting from the left. The photograph, by the way, shows the entire pen of ten birds, whose total egg production for one year was 2,202 eggs, or an average of over 220 eggs per bird—this being, of course, an official trap test record. These birds were afterwards purchased by the Pratt Food Co., to be used in further breeding and laying tests at the Pratt Experiment Station, Morton, Pa. I am not advised as to what the purchase price was, but I know that last year's winners were valued at $1,000.

There is something very interesting about the type of these hens. One almost always finds this same type appearing for any exceptionally heavy layer. Notice the hen in the forefront, centre of the illustration. Her type or shape makes me think of an article I read one time by the editor of a poultry journal, wherein he stated that fowls that have made the best egg records have invariably an individuality of type, such as high tails, large combs, and either long or deep bodies.

You notice, of course, from the illustration that this particular hen is of the White Leghorn breed. Let us note that the average Leghorn hen weighs only about four pounds, or say forty pounds for this pen of hens. Their eggs, averaged at two ounces each, weighed almost 275 lbs. Thus the hens produced in eggs nearly seven times their own weight. Figured at 35c. a dozen, 2,202 eggs were worth $64.23, which, after deducting $1.60 per hen for food, leaves a profit of $48.23.

I reckon that you will agree with me that it will keep any other industry very busy indeed to show a higher return, considering investment and labor.

All of the hens, of course, did not do so well as these top-notchers; in fact, out of 500 fowls that were in the competition, representing the pick of the best layers of Europe and America, only four pens (five birds each) laid above 1,100 eggs, and only sixteen pens went above 1,000. Only one out of every four birds laid 200 eggs or over, and the entire average of the 500 birds was but 170 eggs each.

I HAVE given you these details this month at considerable length because I want every reader of this page to realize now at the early commencement of the breeding season, or before it opens, just how great is the possibility of production from good laying hens. Of course, "like begets like" in poultry as with other stock; therefore, we may well be somewhat thoughtful and given to looking ahead when we come to selecting eggs for hatching from which we will raise the layers for next year and the years after.

It seems to me that great good has been accomplished by these egg-laying competitions since they have invited attention to the productivity of hens. And as people come to realize the possibilities in egg production they will come more and more to demand pedigrees of performance as well as pedigrees of plumage. The laying competitions have provided for the practical breeder the same opportunity to exhibit his or her skill and ability that the fancy breeder has enjoyed in the show room for the past sixty years. In addition to the egg-laying competitions, as referred to in the foregoing, I am advised that a national egg-laying contest has recently closed at Mountain Grove, Mo.; egg-laying competitions have also been conducted in New South Wales (I have a bulletin before me giving eleven years' records). Then in the Province of British Columbia, where poultry keeping is especially popular in Canada, these competitions have been running now for two years.

IT is not a bit too early to get plans completed and under way for the enlargement and the general management of the poultry this season. Now is the time to write the incubator firms and get particulars and prices of the equipment you will want, and get such additional information as they can give you about poultry and which is printed in their catalogues and literature.

The winter layers for next season must be the pullets that you will mature from the eggs hatched this coming spring. Make sure of hatching them not later than April or early May.

If you are going in for broilers to place on the early market at the high prices that rule you will be starting right away to run your incubator.

Success with the chickens you will hatch depends so largely upon vigorous healthy stock and the greatest possible vitality that you can well afford to give every attention to make sure of vitality. Feed, fresh air and exercise, are the points to look after in this connection.

International Poultry Food Tonic

Makes hens lay more eggs by stimulating the digestive and egg producing organs, also keeps poultry healthy and vigorous. By far the cheapest to use. Sold 25c., 50c. and $1.00 packages.

International Louse Killer is a pure white powder that will not discolor the plumage of the whitest bird. Quickly kills lice, ticks, fleas, etc., on poultry, pigeons, horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. Large box with sifting top, price 25c.

International Roup Remedy positively cures and prevents roup. Price 50c.

These guaranteed preparations are for sale by dealers everywhere.

Free We have just published a handy little Book entitled "International Poultry Guide," which gives valuable information on poultry. Write for a copy, it's absolutely free.

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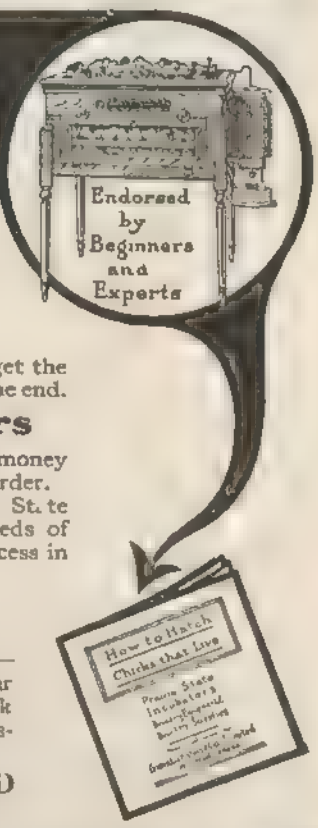

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We will show you how to begin, help you after you start and will buy for the highest cash price all the poultry and eggs that you can produce.

In selecting your incubator make sure that you get the best that money can buy—it will prove cheapest in the end.

Prairie State Incubators

are guaranteed to be absolutely as represented or your money will be refunded upon return of incubator in good order.

Canadian Agricultural Colleges are using Prairie State Incubators; write them for their results. Hundreds of others, beginners and experts, are having great success in hatching strong, healthy chicks that live.

Send for our Free Book

"How to Hatch Chicks that Live"

It gives reasons why the Prairie State is best—shows the right kind of hover—tells how to build your own brooders—the kind of feed to promote quick growth, and how to obtain the experiences of successful poultrymen. Write for it today.

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The Eggs You Get

not the number of hens you have in the flock, determine whether your poultry is profitable. Every hen on the sick list or irregular layer means so much money lost.

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induces regular laying because it acts directly on the digestive and egg-producing organs, toning up the whole system and improving the digestion. It produces a marked improvement in the birds because it insures perfect condition. "Your money back if not satisfied."

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is a sure preventive of colds, catarrh and roup. Use the Tablets for individual treatment.

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Pratts Poultry Regulator, 25c $9.
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Pratts Powdered Lice Killer, 25c 50c
Pratts Roup Remedy, 25-50c.
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Pratts White Diarrhea Remedy, 25c 50c.
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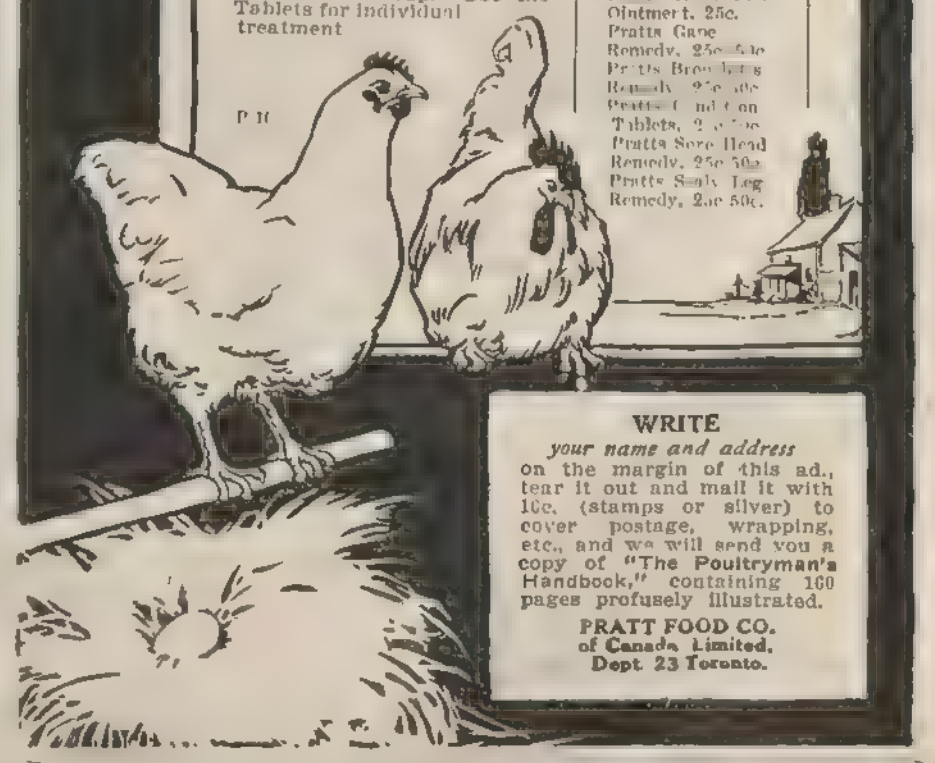

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on the margin of this ad., tear it out and mail it with 10c. (stamps or silver) to cover postage, wrapping, etc., and we will send you a copy of "The Poultryman's Handbook," containing 160 pages profusely illustrated.

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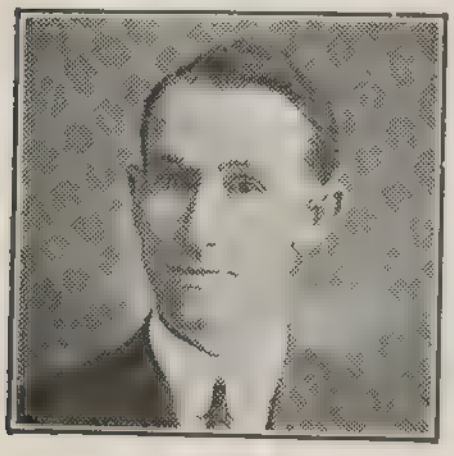
PIN MONEY

TURN right now to page 26 and read all about Everywoman's World Pin Money Club—the Club "with the one idea—to make money for its members." You will surely want to join.

Miraculous Cure of Asthma

Suffered Terribly for 15 Years Until He Tried "Fruit-a-tives"



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Dec. 22nd, 1913.

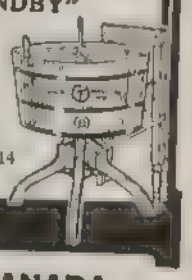
"Having been a great sufferer from Asthma for a period of fifteen years (sometimes having to sit up at night for weeks at a time) I began the use of "Fruit-a-tives." These wonderful tablets relieved me of Indigestion, and through the continued use of same, I am no longer distressed with that terrible disease, Asthma, thanks to "Fruit-a-tives" which are worth their weight in gold to anyone suffering as I did. I would heartily recommend them to all sufferers from Asthma, which I believe is caused or aggravated by Indigestion."

D. A. WHITE

For Asthma, for Hay Fever, for any trouble caused by excessive nervousness due to Impure Blood, faulty Digestion or Constipation, take "Fruit-a-tives"

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

New Century HAND



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No machine of its class is so easy to operate, does quicker or better work, or lasts longer than this

"OLD STANDBY"

Ask the woman near you who has one.

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"HAVE YOU READ?"

By KATE STANDISH

WHAT'S going on in Canada? Is it getting into our books? Are we different from other countries so that a book on Canadian life can be recognized as distinctively Canadian?

Americans think so. *The New York Times Book Review* quotes an interview given by John Lane, the English publisher, to a Montreal newspaper: "Sir Gilbert Parker has barely scratched the surface of Canadian literary possibilities. Canada offers a new and rich field for the fiction writer, a field sufficiently distinct from that of the United States to furnish the foundations of a literature that is national in scope. Already there are Caandian writers of the first rank who are availing themselves of these opportunities, and it is safe to expect that their labors will not be diminished by the war, while it is not improbable that the latter will act as a stimulus to greater and wider activities."

So now you who read and you who write may take fresh courage! It's up to you in strenuous fashion to show us and the rest of our national relations what we are like. A whisper—very much between ourselves — only Canadians can write those books! So, go to it!

I re-read *Seeds of Pine* the other day, and felt like writing to Mrs. Murphy out in Calgary to urge on the good work. Mrs. Murphy says her books will provide useful historical material, as they describe Western life accurately. They will do that, and it's a good thing that some one, in our hurry and rush, stops to take notes by the way, as she has done. A woman living in Ontario when it was Upper Canada wrote a book called *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada*. I've forgotten what her Winter Studies were, but the Summer Rambles "give" you Upper Canada before the Rebellion —which is more than any other book does. Mrs. Jamieson's *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada* you'll find all dusty in every Canadian library. She describes running the rapids at Sault Ste. Marie much as Mrs. Murphy writes of mountain climbing and riding in the West. However, *Seeds of Pine* is not just for the historian of 2015.

We Read Because

- Books are the records of man's accomplishments. They are the means by which each generation acquires the experience and inspiration of the generations that have passed, and lifts itself to a higher level.
- Banish books from the world and civilization would have to begin again—almost from where it started.
- Banish books from the life of a woman and that woman stays at the lowest level—never knowing what sort of a place she lives in—and never catching a glimpse of the towering heights above.
- An appetite for good books is as necessary to the growth of mentality as is an appetite for good food to the growth of the body.
- Under her feet the reading woman puts the printed record of what men and women have thought and done—and thereby gets her head up in the fog-free atmosphere of the everlasting morning—where only she finds that fair inspiration which impels to big and true action
- The woman who reads is the woman who leads.

Our Readers Tell Us

"Let me say in regard to your Book Department," says *Countrywoman*, "that I am fairly overjoyed at the prospect of anything so much needed among us countrywomen who dearly love good reading, and up-to-date as well, and of necessity must have it as cheap as available. I often wish we might know more about Canadian authors and their writings. I am Canadian adopted, and neither Scotch nor Presbyterian, but I do love Ralph Connor's books. I like the Canadian in them, the adventure, the heroism, the fairness, the descriptive parts, the "Westerner" that's in them, the experience, the facts, the truthfulness, the nearness to Nature, the religious morality, and the humor. I admire Nellie McClung very much, too. She is so full of the West."

A *Shut-In* from Prince Edward Island writes: "I like *Anne of Green Gables*, by L. M. Montgomery, because of the vivid way she tells of the beauties of our Island. I am an invalid, and when reading her word pictures of fields and woods, I forget for a while that I am a shut-in. I love children, and find the children in Miss Montgmery's books very charming."

Of the immigrants who find so large a place in Ralph Connor's books, a teacher has this sane vision: "This land of ours is so wide. There is plenty of room for our European brothers, and there is *good* in them. We are so narrow-minded that the word 'foreigner' only suggests to us the familiar 'Dago' working in our sewers. We forget about the more enlightened of our immigrants, and we keep them back, hinder and discourage them by our verdict—'He is only a foreigner.' Many great men will rise from out the ranks of the immigrants—if we but give them a chance."

A former book-reviewer tells me: "I would very much like to have *The Call of the East*, by Thurlow Fraser. I was a member of his congregation when he was stationed at Portage la Prairie. He told me he was writing a book, and ever since it was published I have wished for a copy."

Bookworm: "I would have liked to hint about a Book Department long ago, but, oh, my timidity." Why? And this reminds me, too, I am ready to answer any questions you would like to send in about books old and new, in any way that I can help.

Bookworm has this sensible thing to say about the price of books—it's been said before, by publishers themselves, with the canny observation that if it could be done, they would make more money in the long run by selling so many more copies: "I wish we could buy boks cheaper. Do publishers ever make the *latest* books in cheaper bindings, so poor people can also get them? $1.25 and $1.35 is a lot of money for poor folks."

Bookworm won my heart by adding: "One of the best Canadian books I ever read is *Everywoman's World*. I've been a regular subscriber ever since the first issue. I could not get along without its help. It is so brimful of interest to a housekeeper."

Who Is

Charley Steele?
Arthur Wellington Moore?
Marmaduke Haward
Mr. Tomlinson?
The Padre?
Mary Trent?

The above six names are the names of the six principal characters in six well known novels by Canadian writers. Can you name the book in which they figure so prominently, also name the writers of the books? Every Canadian should read the best of Canadian literature, as you will then become acquainted with the character and spirit of your country. Canadians have written many valuable books—books that will stand the test of time as well as those of the old standard authors; and it behooves everyone of us to know something about our own literature. I want you to write me a letter telling me who the six characters named are—also which you like the best. If you will also tell me the name of some Canadian book you would like to read, I will send it to you as a gift, providing your letter is one of the twenty best and you are successful in discovering the names of the books in which the six people appear. I want to hear from as many as possible, as I want to find out from Canadian readers just how popular Canadian books really are.

Address all letters to Kate Standish, Book Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Charges for Writing Autographs

A jocular friend wrote a letter to Julian Street asking the latter to autograph a copy of his just published book, "Abroad at Home." Mr. Street, to prove that he could be a humorist even when not professionally engaged, returned to his friend, who is himself a well known writer, the following:

My Dear Young Admirer:

As to my autograph, which you request, I enclose you herewith my regular rates, and will be glad to furnish you with autographs, as specified, on receipt of certified check or postal order for the proper amount.

RATES:

One autograph, name only, on small, cheap card, 50 cents.

One autograph, name only, on fine gilt edge card, 75 cents.

One autograph, with words "Yours truly," $1.00.

One autograph inscribed to you, personolly, $1.50.

One autograph letter, one page long (rather formal), $2.00.

One autograph letter, two pages (informal), $5.00.

Extra pages added to letters, each, $2.50.

A $1.00 book, with twenty word inscription and autograph, $10.00.

A $1.00 book, with long familiar inscription, enabling purchaser to claim to know me intimately, $20.00.

Trusting that this letter will supply you with the desired information and thanking you for your interest, believe me.

The Books You Like

Here are a few of the newest Books—written by British writers and published in Canada—which will be sure to please.

They are bright, clean and all the kind of books women want to read:

Innocent

Marie Corelli's latest. A story of love and life $1.25

The Call of the East

By Dr. Thurlow Fraser, of Owen Sound, Ontario. A stirring story which has become very popular..... $1.25

His Official Fiancee

The troubles of a young business woman put in novel form .. $1.25

The Bail Jumper

A strong, clean story of Western Canada by a young Canadian writer..... $1.25

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Globe rust remover is a new and wonderful discovery—an invention that has proved a real boon to thousands of housekeepers in all parts of the world. It will instantly remove even the worst iron marks, iron mould or rust marks from linen without the slightest injury to the fabric. So simple a child could use it. No trouble at all.

We have a plan whereby any housekeeper can earn $10.00 in a few hours by telling her friends about Globe Rust Remover. Send your name and address and we'll tell you about it

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WANTED—10 Refined young women as probationers in our training school for nurses. Complete course of lectures and practical work. Diploma issued after 3 years. Great and increasing demand for graduate nurses.

Write to Rhodes Ave. Hospital
3168 Rhodes Ave., Chicago, U.S.A.

TEACHING THE ART OF MOTHERHOOD

(Continued from page 5)

Consulting Expert on Motherhood, in connection with the Bureau of Child Hygiene of the Department of Health. And in cases where there is no such bureau connected with the public health department, to secure the establishment of such a bureau or a similar organization for the direction and supervision of such work.

Motherhood, it would seem, is the only life work for which we have not considered education necessary.

Whenever a boy wants to take up any line of work there is always someone to tell him of the duties and difficulties he must face. Yet we have expected our girls to grow up and become wives and mothers without any intelligent understanding of what lies before them.

And to provide the broadest and most thorough dissemination of such specific knowledge will be the particular duty of the Consulting Expert on Motherhood, who will appear before meetings of women's organizations in every part of the province, where she will give both informal talks and illustrated lectures on subjects related to motherhood, from prenatal preparation and baby care to race hygiene and eugenics.

Such more or less impressive volumes have been written about what the girl and the mother *need* to know, that the time seems ripe to tell them in an understandable way just what they *want* to know. The State of New York in sending a teacher-lecturer to talk on this important subject to meetings of women's leagues and girl's clubs in rural communities and villages, as well as cities throughout the State, has solved the problem of how best to reach and teach its mothers, present and potential.

Speaking as of a knowledge gained through years of experience, it seems obvious that this is one of the most progressive steps that has yet been taken in this direction, the most direct and effective, and which makes it highly desirable that every state and province in the United States and Canada should promptly adopt the same or similar methods of educating its girls and mothers in the exacting art of motherhood.

In the beginning of this campaign of educational extension to be conducted by the State's Consulting Expert on Motherhood, it is intended at the first to deal more particularly with the vital things which it is most important for every mother to know about rearing her baby, among which may be considered the "Three R's" of baby care—Right Method, Routine and Regularity.

The present mother must first learn the proper ways of handling, feeding, bathing and clothing the baby, of providing for its comfort and protecting it against disease and illness. To be wholly successful in this she must set aside special hours for each necessary process. And finally, she must adhere with clocklike regularity to the normal routine which she has elected to adopt.

So much has been printed in the newspapers and magazines during the last summer on how to take care of the baby during the heated term, that it seems both appropriate and timely to offer some pertinent advice to mothers about how to care for their babies during the cold months of winter, which is quite as essential to the baby's health and comfort.

The mother should first of all consider that the baby, in order to maintain its normal healthy condition, must have fresh air in winter as well as during the months of the heated or temperate seasons. The mother should especially see to it that the windows of the baby's sleeping room are not closed tight with the first breath of winter. To provide a sufficient supply of fresh air, and at the same time to prevent chilling draughts, an excellent arrangement is to open the window a suitable space, depending upon temperature and the direction and velocity of the wind, and then to fasten a width of cheese cloth (double or single as conditions may require) over the open space to serve as a screen.

This arrangement will provide perfect ventilation and at the same time protect the baby from direct exposure to cold winds and this, as every mother will recognize, is most important. For the ailing and particularly delicate child the family physician may well direct some necessary modification or special regulations concerning degrees of ventilation and out-of-door exposure to meet the requirements as indicated in individual cases; but the normally healthy baby should with regularity have its outing in the open air every winter day excepting, of course, days of severe storm or extreme temperature.

Incidentally, it is a mistake to keep young children cooped up indoors during the winter. Wrap them up warmly and send them out to play, taking particular care to change any wet clothing when they come in.

Another mistake that mothers, for natural reasons, are all too apt to make, is that of dressing the baby too heavily during the winter months. The only essential difference between a baby's winter and summer wardrobe is that in winter the shirt and stockings should be of wool and the one petticoat of flannel

It is all wrong to wrap the baby tightly in heavy clothing. The sewed-up Italian baby is an extravagant illustration of this wrong theory, a strongly emphasized example of how not to do the right thing. However, when the temperature seems to demand it the baby may wear in the house a little flannel sacque or long kimona, which may slip on over its dress and which is easily removable.

For outdoor winter wear the baby may have a warm woolly cap, and a coat cut long enough to turn up at the bottom and fasten, bag fashion. All of baby's clothes should be extremely simple, and of a sort that may be easily and quickly made and readily adjusted. The mother who spends less time sewing complicated and fussy baby clothes and more time in the open air will not only be healthier herself, but have healthier babies.

During the winter, when changes both in temperature and atmosphere are frequent, the mother should exercise special care to prevent the baby from catching cold. And that means, as a matter of course, that she herself must avoid such conditions as it make liable for her to contract a cold, particularly the mother who is nursing her baby. And any other member of the family who has a cold must keep at a safe distance from baby, for a well-developed cold is quite contagious.

Although a simple cold is, too generally, considered as of no consequence by the otherwise healthy adult, a cold of any degree is by no means an insignificant ailment in the case of a small child, and this is particularly true of the young baby, with whom a cold of any kind is liable to develop into serious if not fatal consequences.

The mother may teach the child to inhale and exhale vigorously for several minutes at a time through the nose whenever any symptoms of a cold present themselves. This breathing exercise has been found quite efficacious in driving away or breaking up a cold.

Another very general error concerning the care of the baby in the winter time, is the notion that a baby can just as well as not go without its bath in cold weather. Baby requires at least one bath every day, and should have it by all means. Aside from having the room at a suitable temperature, it is only necessary that baby be kept out of cold, draughts and that the skin should be thoroughly dried after the bath. But there are so many "Do's" and "Don't's" connected with the care, feeding and clothing of the baby, the preparation for its coming, its birth, and rules for the mother's guidance in the care if its health, that it would require a volume several times the size of this magazine to incorporate it all clearly, so that to the mother who is not at present so situated that she can receive the personal instruction of a teacher-lecturer connected with the health department, the best advice that can be given in conclusion is to recommend that she read one or more of the splendid books which have been written by acknowledged authorities on scientific, modern methods of baby care, or to apply by letter to the Director of the Division of Child Hygiene, the State Department of Health, Albany, N.Y., for copies of their excellent bulletins on this subject.

The instruction to be given the mothers of the state by the Consulting Expert on Motherhood is of such a comprehensive nature that it has been found necessary to divide the various subjects into a course of half a dozen lectures in order to cover all of this information clearly and intelligently. These lectures and talks will be delivered at convenient intervals before meetings of local organization in the same communities, that each point may be properly emphasized.

There will, however, be exceptions to this rule, as in the case of special lectures which will be delivered before distinctly classified audiences, for which they are particularly intended. As, for instance, a lecture to girls only, dealing with the various phases of Sex Education and Personal Hygiene for Girls, and in which I shall tell them, aside from many things they need to know, a great many things that they want to know, and that they should know.

In covering the subject of Social Hygiene there will be a series of lectures for adults, men and women, on Eugenics, Heredity, Environment, Race Culture, Degeneracy, the Effects of Prostitution on the Race, Hereditary Diseases, Social Diseases, Sex Education and Education for Parenthood. This series of lectures is intended to be entirely educational, and will deal with methods and measures of prevention rather than curative means and agencies.

This movement is not intended to concern itself so much with the baby that is sick as with the best and surest methods of preventing the baby from getting sick. The child in a normal condition does not get sick. In a word, it is unnatural for a baby to be sick. Health is the normal condition of the normal child. It then becomes our duty to the child and to the state to keep the normal child in a normal condition. And all mothers, aside, possibly from the unusual or unnatural mother that proves the rule with an exception, will gladly devote their best efforts to the care and attention necessary to maintain such a condition when impressed with the importance of it—if they know how. And the office of the Consulting Expert on Motherhood is intended to teach them how. Experience tends to the conviction that no mother willingly remains ignorant of the art of motherhood, and that she is more than eager to learn all she can of the essentials of child bearing and rearing.

In connection with this lecture-instruction work there is under consideration a series of motion picture films which will show the right way to take care of a baby from the time it is born until one or two years old; correct methods of handling, feeding, bathing, clothing and every minute detail incident to its care and development; which may be used by mothers' clubs and similar organizations in connection with their local welfare work, and which will so clearly tell a story-without-words that it may be placed on exhibition as an educational factor in the moving picture houses throughout the country.

HOW THE MAGAZINES CAN HELP THE SCHOOL TEACHER

(Continued from page 20)

and accounted for on the time-table. This is especially true in connection wiht the work on current events. The discussion of the events which make up the history of the present is a phase of school work which is looked upon by some with fear of possible excitement, heated discussions, and disapproval of the authorities. This is sheer nonsense. It would be better to welcome any topic of discussion which would bring a little excitement and enthusiasm into the class-room. Outside of certain political or religious references, which any tactful person would avoid anywhere out of politeness, there is simply no phase of modern life which cannot form part of the discusson in the school.

For any vital work in geography, it is necessary for the teacher to use a filing system by which all the latest articles and photographs can be filed for immediate reference. These should be used in essay writing, and in preparing recitations. The work of looking after a filing cabinet need not fall on the teacher; students are only too glad to take part in all class work. There should also be listed reviews of the latest books of travel and trade reports. This reminds me that the use of Government reports is not by any manner of means as general as it should be; and as these are issued weekly and monthly and the information in them is the latest and most accurate obtainable, the neglect of this source of knowledge in the work of geography is still less excusable. In geography, too, the teacher cannot afford to neglect the human interest element. I saw a class one day tackle—that is the only word for it—conditions in Central Asia, and in all Asia, too, with renewed vim, simply because they had had the opportunity of reading a magazine article describing Sven Hedin and his travels over the Himalayas.

For material for oral reading and for essay writing, what could be better than a well-written magazine article on a subject of general interest? Practice in writing abstracts would have more point if the material used were more up-to-date than it often is. In the Commercial Department, practice in typewriting could be given with magazine articles. Girls' sewing classes would not seem so dull to the girls who don't like sewing, if some of the time at least, when there was opportunity, a new magazine article or story were read aloud, each girl reading a part.

I have only briefly indicated some of the many ways in which magazines and periodicals can be used in the schools. Each teacher will be able to extend the possibilities of their use in his special subject; each principal of a school be able to devise means of making a general use of them in the school library. The value of their general use cannot be estimated too highly

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Our large and beautifully illustrated CATALOGUE FREE
J. A. SIMMERS, Limited
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Why Not Learn Nursing at Home
YOU can stay at home and yet become a qualified nurse by studying our correspondence course, which fits you for a nursing position in 10 to 25 weeks.
Owing to the war, nurses are now very much in demand. You owe it to yourself to
Earn $20.00 to $25.00 PER WEEK
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Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL
THE DAINTY MINT-COVERED CANDY-COATED CHEWING GUM

The Choicest Perfumes of all are
Corson's PERFUMES
Preferred by dainty women everywhere because of their exquisite and lasting fragrance. Remember, too, that when you buy CORSON'S PERFUMES you are buying genuine "Made in Canada" Perfumes– prepared by skilled chemists in the laboratories of the Sovereign Perfumes, Limited—the only house in the Dominion exclusively devoted to the manufacture of Perfumes and Toilet Requisites.
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TORONTO - ONTARIO

A New Pride in Canada

By CHAS. C. NIXON

I BELIEVE that every Canadian is justly proud of the high place occupied in the markets of the world by Canadian hard wheat flour, by Canadian cheese, and by Canadian apples.

I believe we will come to be just as proud of our Canadian manufactures at home.

Naturally, as a young country, we have not as yet been exporting any great percentage of our "Made-in-Canada" manufactures, other than perhaps in a few special lines.

Canadian-made goods have for the most part so far been for Canadian people. We have bought them, as we must always buy them, in competition with goods from other countries.

Our Platform

We will always make discrimination between good and bad Canadian articles. Quality and price must be the first determining factors.

But after these considerations, Why not?—"Made in Canada" first for Canadians; or, if you will, a sentiment that knows goods to be "Better because better "Made in Canada."

We would not have any Canadian buy Canadian goods or manufactures merely because they are Canadian; rather would we buy "Made in Canada" products because they are as good as, or better value at the same fair price, than others made in foreign countries.

We would withal be fair. There is no need to erect—in the name of patriotism—a wall of prejudice against our foreign friends and neighbours. Foreign countries will always have certain products that are unique—things that we want and ought to buy. But there is no conceivable reason why we should prefer an "imported" label to a superior product of Canadian manufacture.

Canadian-made goods are worth buying and they are worth advertising.

Perhaps you, as a reader of Everywoman's World can hardly believe it, but there have been some few, fairly progressive manufacturers, who have not thought well of advertising and have not seen fit to advertise heretofore. Seemingly poor unenlightened individuals they have not realized that they have in a way been advertizing all the time, in spite of the fact that they have endeavored to hide their light under a bushel instead of manfully announcing their goods in the open market place.

I want to help a great many Canadian manufacturers of good Canadian-made goods to realize more and better sales for their goods that we can get for them through advertising. I am going to give cash prizes to those of our readers who will help me to interest them.

$100—70 Cash Prizes

Perhaps the Christmas festivities and all of the extra work late in December kept you from answering the questions asked at that time. There is yet time and I want you to

1st.—Out of all the more well-known articles that you use daily in your home, name as many as you care to, and tell me in each case who are the makers.

2nd.—If any of them are particularly worthy and you think other people would be benefitted in knowing about them, please mention the fact and say why.

3rd.—Let me know briefly just what you think of "Made in Canada" goods and tell me any particularly interesting experience you have had with them.

4th.—Kindly mention five (if there are this many) articles not made in Canada that are in use constantly in your home. Please mention why you like these.

It is our desire that you take part in this great demonstration for patriotic reasons. But we want to make it even more interesting—hence the following cash prizes for the best answers to the above questions:—

1st Prize		$15.00 cash
2nd	"	10.00 "
3rd	"	5.00 "
4th	"	3.00 "
5th	"	2.00 "

And 65 prizes of a crisp new one dollar bill to each of the senders of the 65 next best answers.

Awards will be made, if possible, in time to announce the winners in the April number of Everywoman's World.

By taking part in this contest and sending us the answers to the questions you will help along this great cause very greatly indeed. Here's my best wish to you for the best of good luck and success in winning one of the bigger cash prizes. Address your letter to:

Chas. C. Nixon

"Made-in-Canada Division"
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, TORONTO

The Personal Declaration—Will You Sign It Too?

I am sure that you intended to sign this Declaration before, but I understand how easy it is to overlook these things. I'll appreciate it very much if you will sign it and send it now.

PERSONAL DECLARATION, Favoring "Made-in-Canada" Merchandise for Canadians

Editors, Everywoman's World

I, ... desire to help build up Canada

Sign name in full and indicate whether Mrs., Miss or Mr.

by purchasing "Made in Canada" goods and merchandise, and in so far as I am informed will give the preference (at least during the war) to Canadian trade-marked goods that are guaranteed by the maker to be entirely satisfactory and as good value or better value than obtainable in other goods.

Dated this . . day of . . .

Post Office. . . . . Province. . . . Street No. or R M Route. . . .

(Mention if you also submit letter in prize competition answering four personal questions about experience with "Made in Canada goods")

THE PIN MONEY CLUB

Exclusively for the Women Readers of Everywoman's World. Its one idea "To Make Money for its Members." You can make $25.00 extra "Pin Money" this month—join the Club to-day.

A Personal Letter from the Club's new Secretary.

Dear P.M.C. Members and Prospective Members,—

More than I can tell you in cold printed words do I appreciate the grand spirit of approval of our Pin Money Club plan, as expressed to me in letters received from our friends during the past few weeks. In fact, so many earnest women, and girls too, have written in to us, expressing their desire to join the club with "The one idea—to make money for it members" that Everywoman's World has appointed me as the Club's special secretary. From now on it will be my monthly duty to answer all your enquiries and correspondence and to help you in every way possible to make more and more money each month, as time goes by.

I feel that it was a particularly good thing to have started the Pin Money Club this year. In hundreds and hundreds of homes throughout Canada there are women and girls who have a little spare time each day that they would gladly devote to some easy, dignified money-making plan if only work was available to which they could turn without any previous experience, and which would not take them from their regular duties, except in their spare time. The "Pin Money Club" has surely filled this long felt need and given an opportunity for money making, hundreds of times greater than Canadian women have ever had available before.

I expect February to be one of the banner months for our members. Already there are nine new members whose earnings are nearing the $50 mark, and I am sure that there will be upward of two hundred members who will earn sums of from $10.00 to $25.00. Don't you just feel that you should write to me to-day so that I can start you making money too?

An excellent indication of the ease with which "Pin Money Club" work can be carried on is shown in the experience of Willie J. Arkless, a fourteen year old Winnipeg boy. Willie had been reading the announcements in Everywoman's World and about four weeks ago wrote in, saying he wanted to make some money too in his spare time after school. He sent us the snapshot photograph of himself which is shown here, and you will note that owing to an accident which he suffered some time ago, he has only one leg. Master Arkless told us quite frankly that his main reason for wanting to join the "Pin Money Club" and earn money was so that he might provide himself with a real good pair of crutches as the ones he had had so far were not strong enough and always broke, leaving him in a very unpleasant and helpless way indeed.

We sent Master Arkless our "Pin Money Club" outfit, not expecting with his handicap that he would be able to accomplish much in less than a month or more. To our surprise, within one week he secured 20 new subscribers—and as a result we had a special pair of fine $5.00 crutches made to his order here. Here is a letter from Willie, telling us, in his own little way, of his accomplishment:—

Winnipeg, Manitoba.
January 11th, 1915

Gentlemen,—

"I am glad to let you know how I obtained the 20 subscriptions to Everywoman's World which has enabled me to get a valuable pair of crutches which I needed, as I unfortunately only have one leg.

"Well, when I got my copy of Everywoman's World, I went to different houses nearby and told them that the magazine was a good one and showed the sample copy you sent me, and generally got their order, but if they asked me to call again or were undecided, I put their name and address down in my note book and called back when they told me to.

"It took me only a few days to get the twenty subscriptions after school hours."

Yours truly,
RICHARD WM. ARKLESS.

Writing to us again, just a couple of days ago, Willie reports having 18 more new subscribers, and he is asking for more sample copies and order blanks. Master Arkless should make $100.00 easily from his Pin Money Club work.

I was very gratified to receive a nice letter from Willie's father expressing his great appreciation of the advantages Everywoman's World and the Pin Money Club had brought to his son. He says that Willie is delighted with the work and will keep right on getting more and more subscriptions to Everywoman's World in Winnipeg, and making more and more money. Here are my congratulations and respects to an earnest, willing and stout-hearted boy, doing his level best under many disadvantages.

Another kind and appreciative letter has just come to hand from Hafford, Sask. I appreciated it especially because of its writer being an experienced journalist. Read this extract from her letter:—

Dear Sirs,—

"I have just received the specimen copy of Everywoman's World, and I certainly think it a very good magazine for so small a price. I intend to boost it as much as I can. I have good facilities for doing this, as I am a member of the Canadian Womens' Press Club, and a staff writer on the North-West Review, of Winnipeg. I am giving Everywoman's World a good review in my column in the latter paper.

"I will do the best I can to help the magazine because I like it."

And now here is my best of all messages to all my riends. After trying hard for a long time to secure a gift of exceptional merit and value that every woman would want and appreciate, our management have, secured Canadian rights for the "Beautiful Queen's Court" stationery. A photograph of a box of this lovely stationery is shown here. I have been granted the special privilege of offering this stationery as my gift to "Pin Money Club" members. To every new member of the Pin Money Club I will send this lovely box of Queen's Court stationery, each sheet exquisitely embossed with your own initial in French gold. You obtain membership in the Pin Money Club—the club with "the one idea—to make money for its members" and will receive this lovely box of Queen's Court stationery, embossed with your initial, by sending only one new or renewal subscription to Everywoman's World. You surely have a friend who would like to have Everywoman's World and will gladly have her subscription come in through you—or perhaps the subscription of one of your friends expires soon and you can send in her renewal—or your own.

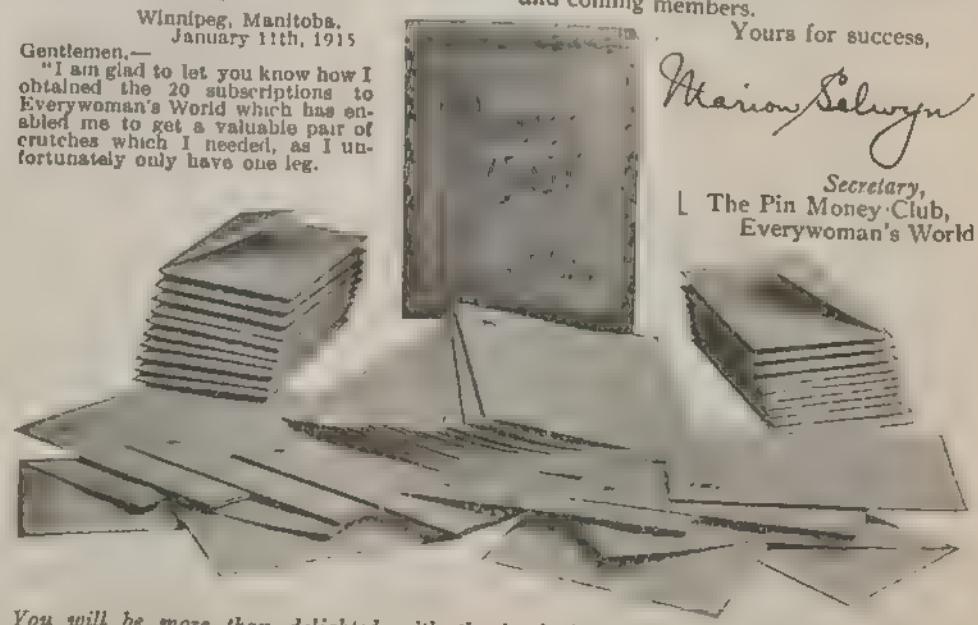
As soon as I hear from you I will send full particulars of our grand money making plan and your box of stationery, so try to write to me at once—to-day if possible.

With best wishes to all our members and coming members.

Yours for success,

Marion Selwyn

Secretary,
The Pin Money Club,
Everywoman's World



You will be more than delighted with the lovely box of Queen's Court stationery. It contains two dozen sheets of pure white linen not paper, 10½ by 6¼ inches in size, two dozen envelopes to match and combination guide lines and blotter. Each sheet will be richly embossed with your own initial in French gold. Join the P. M. C. to-day and get it.

WHY SHOULDN'T A GIRL FLIRT?

BY SARAH CANTWELL SMITH

WHEN the goodly King Arthur—the mythical hero of England—founded his Round Table of men chosen from all his realm, men so strong and brave and pure minded that they were to serve as models for the mighty world, who should ride abroad redressing human wrongs, he made them take this oath, among others: "To have one maiden only, cleave to her and worship her by years of noble deeds until he win her." And it was prophesied of the King himself, that "could he find

A woman in her womanhood as great
As he was in his manhood, then
The twain together well might change the world."

And it is the greatest tragedy in all literature that it was the Queen—the very one who was honored above all women of the land, that was to bring disgrace upon the kingdom and destruction to the King. Not that she meant to do this wrong, but it was May-time and the world was young and she wanted life and warmth and color, which she found in Lancelot, while the King, she thought, was cold and stern and passionless, and, besides, a flirtation was a harmless thing, and helped to give her gaiety and joy. But when the love of the King for her was taken away and he himself had gone forever out of her life, she realized not only the wrong she had done to others, but the far greater wrong she had done to herself, for it came to her that it was the King who would have brought her happiness—that not only was he most human and the highest, but that he was her true mate, and her piteous cry broke out, that has come down to us through all the ages.

"Ah, my God,
What might I not have made of Thy fair world
Had I but loved Thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest
It surely was my profit had I known.
It would have been my pleasure had I seen."

Queen Guineveve never meant to pass the boundary lines of right and wrong, nor are we told that she did do any outbroken sin—it was only that she had killed the power of true loving in herself and wasted her queenliness on another than the King and when she recognized later that he was the real King of her life she had nothing whatever to give him but a repentant heart.

Mrs. Sarah Cantwell Smith

Mrs. Smith extends a cordial invitation to readers to correspond with her. All her life she has been interested in girls and their affairs and wants to be a friend and guiding hand to all. All correspondence is treated strictly confidential and a personal reply always given when a two-cent stamp is enclosed.

Now this is what I want to bring before you in this second article on a girl's relations to men—that the only safe thing to do is to keep away from the danger line. I am not speaking here of actual wrong-doing. Every girl knows that instinctively. Between what is unquestionably wrong and what is unquestionably right, like truth and falsehood, purity and impurity, loyalty and baseness, there are always clear distinctive lines. But often there is a place where moral boundaries are not so clear or so easy to define—and it is in the middle, debatable ground that the danger point always lies—no matter how smooth or fair the surface may seem, and it is here we need to keep to the right side with a good margin instead of seeing how near the edge we may come.

I do not want to seem too narrow or to be drawing the lines too tight and excluding what is really innocent, when I say that merely living up to the standards of the social set in which we move is not enough. If we are to be real queens among our sex we must be womanly and true and good with a margin, and the fact that many girls and many men of our acquaintance flirt is no true standard for ourselves if we would be true to our highest ideals of womanhood.

I've always had a lot of sympathy for the girl who said she wouldn't mind never being married, but she would certainly hate never having been asked, for she would then feel that something was wrong with her womanliness. Any girl has a right to the devotion which beauty and grace inspire,—it is her due; but flirtations, even the so-called innocent ones—are not necessary to one's enjoyment of life. A girl can be sane, good and careful and yet enjoy life to the full. I have never seen that anything whatever was gained by flirting; the girl who does not think of every man that she meets as a possible lover at all, but who goes on her own sweet way rejoicing and unconscious of how she may be impressing the opposite sex—who responds to friendliness of either man or woman with graciousness, will have more true lasting friendships and just as many lovers as her sister who is famed for her ability to bring men to her feet.

Have you ever noticed that the man who himself flirts is not genuinely impressed by the girl who is given to the same thing? It is true he may spend quite a bit of time with her and even seem to be enjoying her company more than that of her quieter sister, but she is not the girl he chooses for his life-mate, nor even the girl whom he respects the most. The peculiar part of this man's mental make-up is that he can not see that his own actions are as little to be admired and often do far greater harm.

Two girls, both of whom I know intimately, were great friends, though social opposites—for one took it as her prerogative to bring any man to her feet and thought every new acquaintance a predestined lover—the other girl, quiet—a little timid, who not only had strong principles against it, but whom I suspect, would not have known how to flirt even had she been so inclined, were invited to a certain house party held in their honor—men had been invited for each girl there, among whom was one, a very prominent man, both then and now, and who for years had held the record for breaking hearts. No girl, it was said, could withstand his charm, and I know myself of some half dozen girls who considered themselves deeply in love with him.

On this occasion, he was, by common consent, given over to the girl who was his equal in breaking hearts, too. They had been at the same place for a week in the summer previous, and so had already started their course in flirtation, and each thought the other already deeply smitten by their charms. The quieter girl did not speak more than a dozen sentences to him the entire time, for though she was no prude, she was enjoying her own associations with the other guests, and all the thought she gave this man particularly, though she recognized his brilliancy and a certain fascination—was that the two of them were carrying things pretty far when they laughingly kissed each other because of a dare to do it. But the sequel was more interesting. After their return, while she was listening daily to the story of the other's conquest and sympathising with her queries as to whether after all she should succumb to his devotion and marry him, she herself received a letter from the very man telling her how he admired her womanliness, how he would value her friendship, and that the other one meant nothing to him—all the time he had been anxious to know her—and asking if he could come to see her; at the same time having the friend at whose house they had been entertained, write also urging his claims, saying that he cared nothing for the other girl and had, in fact, been quite appalled when she allowed him to kiss her.

Being a true friend, and at the same time disapproving of a man who would flirt and speak of the unwomanliness of the girl who would permit it, she refused, and stedfastly kept to that refusal through persistent appeals, even though she often found it a good bit for her sense of humour to listen to the other woman's tales of her conquest, especially that the man was heart-broken when she became engaged to some one else.

You see that flirts, whether they be men or women, are often more irresistible in their own eyes than in another's, even though that other be the very one who is seeming to yield to their charms. Another man I know who has always found himself sought out and bowed down to by women in general, because of his really charming ways, and who has had the usual number of girls tell him of their love, a man who even yet says he sees nothing so *very* wrong in flirting, in speaking of a certain friend said to me, "Oh, I never flirted with her, she is too true a woman for that, and then I respected her too much," and he also chose for his wife a girl who never had flirted in her life.

And not only are flirtations not necessary, it will yet have to be proven to me that they are harmless. I am not speaking here of broken hearts where on one side the thing meant nothing. We all know the wrong that is done there, nor of the actual temptations that the so-called innocent flirtations will put in another's way, although I fear this side of it is greater than many a girl ever realizes; but of the harm that is done to oneself and one's womanhood by the countless little cases that have no moral wrong in them.

(*Concluded on page 29*)

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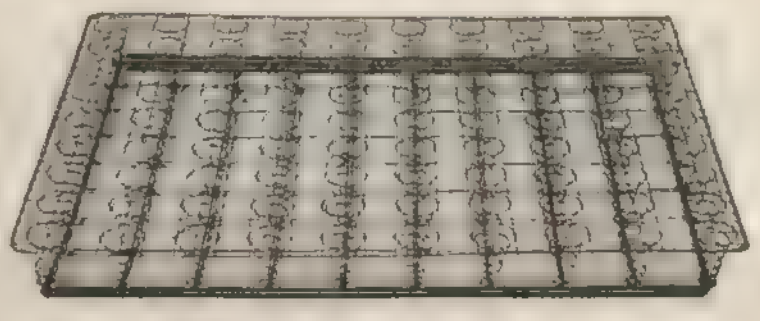

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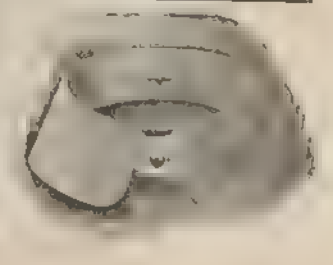

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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, TORONTO, ONT.

HOW OFTEN SHOULD A GIRL CHANGE HER POSITION?

By FRANCES E. GALE

TO change or not to change; that is the question.

Perhaps the girl who reads this is mentally engaged in that old debate, almost as earnestly as was the puzzled Danae. There is so much to be thrown into each scale.

"Here," she says to herself, "I have the work well in hand. The nervous strain of learning it is over. The hours are regular and not too long. The business is a well established one, and my position will be permanent if I continue to make good. My work is conveniently located. On the other hand, this firm is notably slow about increasing salaries. I don't believe I'll ever get a raise unless I ask for it, and I hate asking. The member of the firm with whom I have most to do is a free distributor of blame and a stingy doler of praise, and the girl at the head of my department is insufferably stuck-up and consequential.

"Now, a friend of mine is leaving her position and is willing to recommend me for it. She gets to work an hour earlier than I do and often has to work in the evening and sometimes on Sunday. The concern is a young and struggling one and cannot afford to let any business slip, but they are free-handed and will start me at a higher wage than I am getting here. I understand, too, that they rarely bring a grouch to business with them, and, as I would constitute the entire feminine element in the office, I'd probably have a much better time than here where the many employes of both sexes are treated impartially alike. Still, my friend does hint that occasionally the junior partner goes out of an afternoon and comes back with a joyousness of manner that seems to have some connection with an odor of liquor, and if the business should fail and I should be out of work for a month or two my receipts for the year would be no greater than here where, in spite of disagreeables, work and pay are sure. Prudence (or is it Timidity?) says: 'Stay here.' Ambition (or is it Discontent?) says: 'Change. If you don't like it you can move on again.'"

If an employer, as he walks past the desks or counters or typewriters or filing-cases at which his assistants are busy, could see what was going on under the cropped locks or fluffy coiffures that cover the working of the brains beneath, I know what he would do. He would jot down the names of all those who were debating some such problem as the above, and he would retire to his own sanctum and he would consider mighty seriously which of those he could afford to lose and which, for his own advantage, he must keep. And then he would send for the latter, and he would ask them if they were discontented, and why, and in such measure as was possible he would meet their desires, and where impossible to do so he would explain his position, and in most cases a friendly understanding would be reached and they would remain where they were instead of moving on to fields which perhaps only distance made to look greener.

Too often employees expect employers to be gifted with second sight. Half the time your chief cause of complaint against the man who pays your salary is utterly unknown to him, and if you would make it known, tactfully of course, but frankly, he would fix things up to your satisfaction. Of course if he happens to have an overbearing or otherwise offensive personality you can't very well tell him about that, but you can so regulate your own manner as to modify his materially. Because you are receiving a pay envelope there is no reason why you should not maintain a dignity that will insure respect even from the man who fills it.

Where the trouble is (as in the majority of cases) slow advancement in pay, that is a perfectly legitimate matter for discussion. You are selling services. Your employer is buying them. They constitute your stock-in-trade just as much as the product of his business constitutes his. You have a right to your price if it is a fair one. If it is not a fair one, he won't pay it. That it is an unpleasant subject for a young woman of refined feelings to broach is undeniable. That it is inconsiderate to force her to ask for a raise in pay to which she is justly entitled, is also beyond dispute. But we must take human nature as it is, not as it ought to be, and the majority of men enjoy getting a bargain as much as do the majority of women. Therefore, if you know that your services are not of the bargain-counter class it is your privilege to remove them hence, place them on the shelf and tag them with the price you believe they will fetch. If they are worth it and your employer has the money he will pay it. But be sure they are worth it before you change the price mark. Otherwise they may be left on your hands.

But we are getting a little way from the subject of changing positions. The whole problem can be unlocked readily if we remember that the key is this: Start in the right place. If you don't know this, and get started in the wrong place, the quicker you rectify your mistake the better. With the urgent demand there is for competent female help in nearly all sorts of business, it should be possible for any girl who is upright and capable, to consider carefully before entering a situation, to have a definite standard, and to reject such as do not come up to that standard. You may say that a girl needs experience before she can form a standard, and that is true. But one situation ought to be sufficient for that purpose. After that look carefully before you leap, and having landed upon solid ground, explore its possibilities before making another venture. Those possibilities should include a chance for the development of your own business capacity, a prospect of advancement in pay to the limit of your earning power, and a recognized status in the world of wage-earners gained from the recognized high status of the concern that employs you. And there is one other possibility that you cannot afford to overlook, that is the possibility of lasting friendship. Some of the strongest and truest friendships have had their beginning in the relation of employer and employee. They are based upon a real and thorough knowledge of each other's characters, upon memories of sympathy and helpfulness, of hard pulls endured together and hard-won triumphs mutually rejoiced over. Such memories do not exist for the worker who remains but a few months in each place, but frequently there rankles a memory of a slight here, a misunderstanding there, a harsh word flung at parting; nothing very tragic, perhaps, but taken together adding to the bitterness instead of the sweetness of life. Right here, I want to say to every business girl, whether circumstances decree that you change your position often or not, if it is humanly and honorably possible to do so, leave friends behind you in every place. The girl who can walk in to any place of business in which she was ever employed, shake hands with the manager and find the light of welcome in his eye, will have no need to pay an employment agency fee when she wants work. Her agent exists in every business house where she is known. And besides the present pleasure and profit of these friendly relations, there is no telling at what crisis in her future life some one of these early friends may prove the wisdom of laying up treasures of good-will in the hearts of business associates.

But, while lasting business friendships come, as a rule, through long continued service in one place, and this is one of the strongest arguments against frequent change, nevertheless the main object of every girl in going into business is the same as that of the man—to make money, and that object she is bound, in justice to herself, to keep in view. Taking it for granted that no right-thinking girl will for any salary remain in a place where her sense of what is honest and honorable is violated, she is only exhibiting common sense in trying to obtain the highest wage that she can conscientiously earn. If to do this it is necessary to make several changes of position before finding the right one, she must make them, striving always to leave good-will behind her, but, having obtained a firm footing in a business of established reputation it is always best, before yielding to the beckon of a somewhat higher salary to look carefully over both fields, laying rather special stress upon the advantages of the one now occupied, and if on a final summing up, the balance in favor of the new place consists only of increased pay or the elimination of some feature disagreeable to her personally, a frank talk with her present employer will often clear matters up and make it possible for her to remain where she is.

If a girl has the ill-luck or the poor

Frances E. Gale

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judgment to find herself several times in really undesirable positions, there is nothing for her to do but to leave them, but the girl who flits from place to place, in pursuit of one in which she will find everything exactly to her liking, has far to seek, and will have little to show at the end of her five, ten or twenty years of service, except a variety of "experience" no more interesting and much less pleasant to look back upon than that of her who, finding a place in which development was possible, set to work to develop every possibility, including her steadily increasing efficiency, her employer's confidence and her own self-respect.

Why Shouldn't a Girl Flirt?

(*Continued from page 27*)

Girls tell me that a man thinks nothing of kissing a girl, that flirting means nothing, it is just a part of the pleasure and enchantment of youth. But too often for these brief seasons of pleasure and enchantment there follows a long period of disillusionment and pain. For if flirting really means nothing, where, then, does the pleasure come in? Unless there be some emotion either on your side or on the other there is no excitement in the game at all. Anyone that is honest to herself must acknowledge that.

But emotions are baffling things. You cannot play with love ever, ever. For it isn't true of your emotions, like in learning to play the piano, for instance, that the more you practice your affections, the more and deeper they will grow, and that the more practice you have had in love making the more you will have to offer when the real thing comes. If the bloom of your radiance, like the fragrance of perfume be spent on every passer-by, what will you have left for the real lover of all the years? If all the deep fires of the heart be burned out by a hundred little bonfires, when you want them to burn brightest there may be left only dying embers, and the riches of your youth may be as Dead Sea apples crumbling into dust.

But you say how can these things be for the girl who flirts often marries far younger than her sister? Which is true enough, only marriage isn't a goal but a beginning. It isn't the mere fact that one is married that counts, but how much genuine love has been put into the bond. Girls often imagine themselves in love when they do not know the very beginning of the depth of meaning in the term. A flitting fancy due to mere propinquity is not love. Being a sweetheart may be only a thing of the moment, true comradeship is a matter of lifetime. It is only when the Desert of Sahara or the fastnesses of Siberia are changed into Eden where true love is. And if when this true mate comes you can give him your life's devotion as a fresh bud which shall open up for you, then you are the most blessed of all earth's daughters, whether you be eighteen or thirty; and the greatest tragedy a girl ever has to face is to realize that the king has come into her life, and she has either nothing whatever to give in return or at best, a flower from which the fragrance is gone—wilted and limp, through its having been worn already throughout the day.

Let us be real queens then, and not let the glory and holiness of our inward personality become an unhallowed thing. Keep your truest emotions and your best womanhood for the love you will one day receive. For sooner or later even though it be delayed it is bound to come.

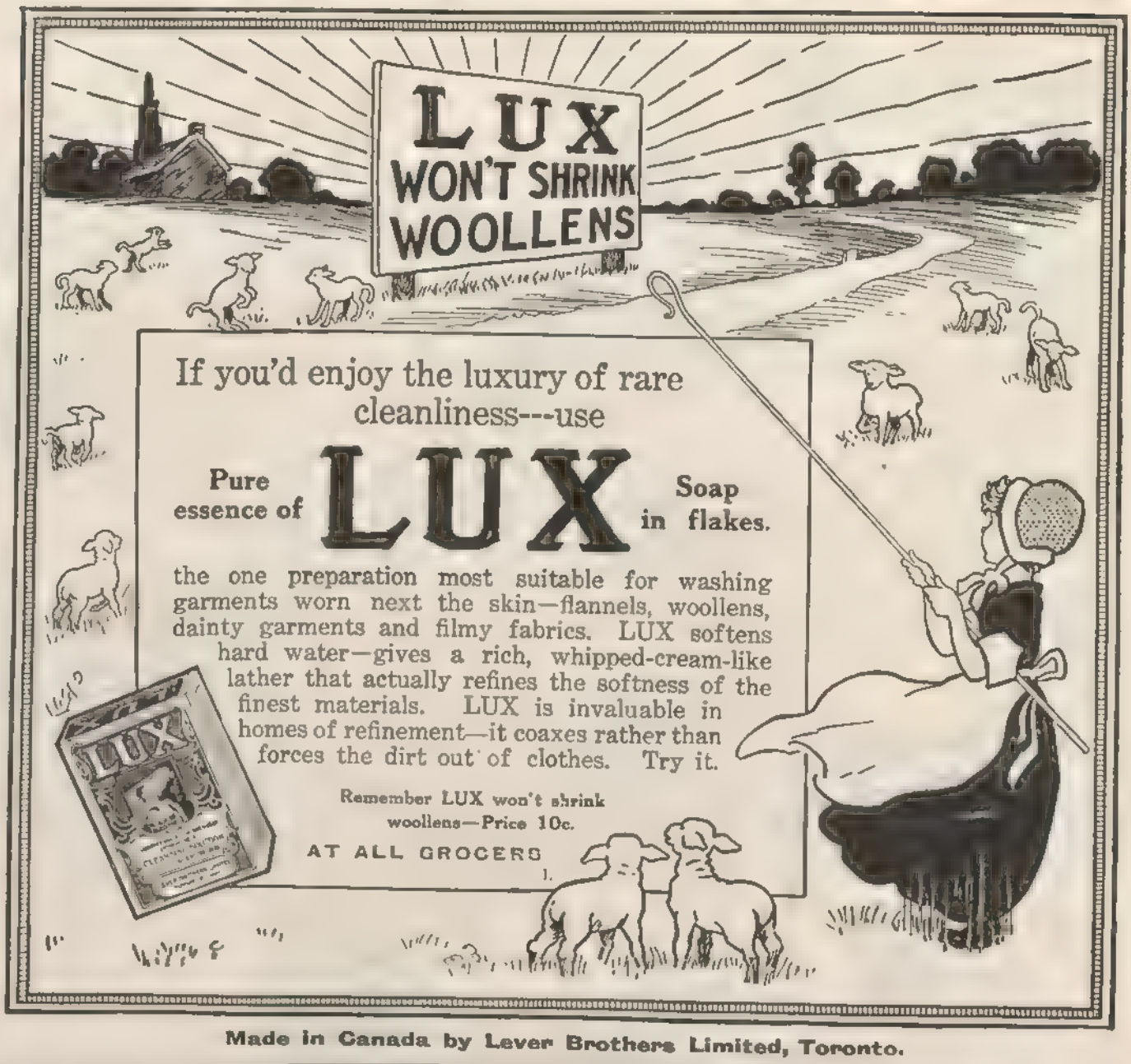
"Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray—
Nor change the tide of destiny;
The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me."

Even though marriage may not come into every life, even then we can enter our life's work with higher aims and purposes with more stedfast heart and soul if we have not frustrated our truest womanhood by useless and senseless flirtations, and we can look firmly into the future knowing that whatever destiny comes into our life, we are ready and worthy to meet it.

Women in 1838

The "Young Ladies' Own Book," published in 1838, has this to say on the question of the participation of women in public affairs:

"Men study in order to fit themselves for the law, for medicine, for various departments in political life, for instructing others from the pulpit or the professor's chair. These all require severe study and technical knowledge; much of which is nowise valuable in itself, but as a means to that particular profession. Now as a woman can never be called to any of these professions, it is evident they have nothing to do with such studies. A woman is not expected to understand the mysteries of politics, because she is not called to govern; she is not required to know anatomy, because she is not to perform surgical operation; she need not embarrass herself with theological disputes, because she will neither be called upon to make nor explain creeds."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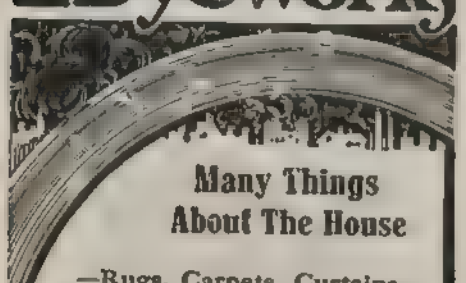

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GETTING ON THE CONCERT STAGE

BY MISS LESLIE ROZE

IN these days, when "what to do with our girls" is a problem almost as difficult of solution as "what to do with our boys," the concert platform is often selected as a natural and suitable feminine way of earning a living—especially in the case of young girls endowed with good voices—little thought being given to the qualifications which make for success as a public singer. A youthful appearance, a pleasing voice, and a desire to shine, are often considered quite sufficient equipment to enter one of the most difficult of professions—that of a public singer. Is it any wonder that there are so many failures and that after a brief, inglorious career so many leave the profession embittered and disappointed—casting the blame on the malice of managers, or the inablity of the public to recognize talent—on anything but the real cause, their own unpreparedness for the work. Let there be no mistake about it. No woman should become a professional singer unless she feels drawn to that calling by an irresistible fascination, by a love strong enough to face hard work, heartbreaking disappointments, sometimes failure. But if there be such an one let her take heart. The road is long, the path is thorny, but the reward is great. Given a fairly good appearance, a voice of average quality (it need not be phenomenal) and an artistic temperament, there is no reason why a girl should not enjoy at least a fair measure of success as a public singer. It is true the profession is overcrowded, but then so is every other profession open to women. The singing profession is certainly not overcrowded with good, capable, reliable artists, but it *is* flooded with incapable performers. It is to the former class one must belong. You see just the same sort of thing in the business world. There is the typist getting a few dollars a month, and not worth that, and there is the capable clerk earning a good salary. Another objection frequently urged against this profession is the uncertainty of the voice. As a matter of fact, the voice is, in ordinary circumstances, more certain than anything else. How often do we hear of a public singer losing his, or her, voice, except temporarily as in the case of illness, and illness means loss of work in any calling. I cannot remember a single instance, whereas I can readily call to mind a large number of public singers, past middle life, who are still charming audiences and, incidentally, drawing good salaries. I do not mean such stars as Mme. Patti, but just ordinary, capable artists. Their name is legion. There is yet another objection urged against the profession, and a more serious one; that is, the incidental temptations. The existence of these cannot be denied, and that is one reason why a love of art and a determination to succeed are so essential. This is no profession for the feather-headed. It must, however, be borne in mind that temptations have to be faced by most good-looking girls who have to get their own living, although those who are able to live in their own home, enjoy a certain amount of protection on this account. I do not think that in this respect the public singer is any worse off than any other girl who has to make her way without the shelter of a home.

I have dealt somewhat fully with the objections usually raised as many prejudices exist: and this is an attempt to put the prospects of the concert stage fairly and squarely.

Assuming that it has been decided to adopt singing as a profession, how should the young aspirant to fame proceed so as at least to deserve success, which, after all, is the best way to ensure it?

In the first place, nobody should attempt to sing in public professionally without a systematic course of adequate training. To do so is to court disappointment. Even supposing the voice to be of exceptional quality and power, a knowledge of breathing and correct tone placing is absolutely essential. Without this, loss of voice and failure are inevitable within a few years. Speaking generally, it has been the singers who have worked the hardest who have been the most successful. It was Madame Melba's custom, every year after the opera season was over, to repair to Paris in order to resume study and to have corrected any errors of production which she might have contracted. Hard work—that has been the secret of Mme. Melba's success. It was not achieved in a day, as some suppose. Mme. Melba was by no means received with acclamation on her debut. The critics were not particularly kind on her first appearance. She was merely referred to as a promising artiste, and that is all she was at the time. It is by patient, conscientious study that she has climbed to the highest pinnacle of fame. And if you read the lives of celebrated artistes you will find that that is the road all must travel. Sometimes success has only come after grievous and repeated failures. Witness the late Madam Jenny Lind, for example. Let no one who feels the call be discouraged. The measure of failure is often the measure of success and the only way to learn is by making mistakes.

Very well, then! Have the best instruction obtainable. No teaching at all is a lesser evil than bad teaching. It does not invariably happen that the most expensive teachers are the best, but it generally is so for the reason that people won't go on paying high fees unless they feel that they are getting value for their money; so that in the end the most expensive lessons are usually the cheapest. If you can't afford to pay for training, either give up the idea of entering the profession or work at something else to get the money. The writer began life as a clerk, and never had one single lesson before just earning the money to pay for it. The length of time necessary for adequate training varies so much that it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule. Generally speaking, at least a year should be devoted to study. It takes from five to seven years to produce a perfectly finished singer. Santley studied for seven years, but look at the time he was able to sing. The best plan is to put oneself in the hands of a conscientious professor and to be guided by his advice.

We will suppose then that a sufficient preparation has been undergone, and that the young artiste is pronounced fit for public appearance.

And here I might, perhaps, give a few useful hints, tested by personal experience. Don't forget that it is the addition of words that gives the singer the advantage over the instrumentalist; and see that you deliver them to the audience clearly. It is the business of the singer to *interpret the text* by means of vocal sound, not merely to produce beautiful tone, although that also is essential. An audience has a right to expect at least to know what the song is about, and nothing irritates an audience more than not being able to hear the words. I have seen more than one promising young artiste fail from this comparatively slight cause. When on the platform adopt a persuasive attitude. If you are naturally awkward, have a few lessons in gesture and deportment from some good actor or elocutionist; also always present as good an appearance as possible. Take the trouble to dress your hair becomingly, and have a gown that shows you off to advantage. It need not necessarily be of expensive material, but it should be well cut. Remember, all eyes are upon you; and the concert singer has not the help of scenery and stage effects.

Now comes the important question of engagements. How to get them? What is the best way to set about matters? Well, possibly, the professor will introduce his pupil in the proper quarters; if so, she will find the start easier. But all professors do not do this. In that case, several courses are possible. She may elect to try for a position as soloist to one of the churches—and this is not a bad beginning, for in this way experience can be gained in facing audiences; and the consequences of an occasional failure or mistake are not so serious. The young artiste will probably be able to supplement her church work by a few concert engagements and some teaching. The salaries for these appointments, in Canada, range from $200 to $600 according to the size and importance of the church and the work involved. In the States, the salaries range from $600 to $1,000, but probably experience would be required.

Or, she may go to a concert agent of *repute* and ask him to give her a hearing. If the result of the trial is satisfactory he will likely book her for a concert tour. For this she will receive about $40 a week, travelling expenses will all be paid, but living on tour will cost from $10 to $15 a week. This work should only be undertaken by the strong. It means travelling

Miss Geraldine Steinmetz

Are you interested in obtaining a vocation for yourself, and would you like some advice as to what kind of vocation to choose? Miss Geraldine Steinmetz can guide and advise you. Write her a letter, care of Everywoman's World, telling just what your ambitions are and for what you feel qualified, and any other information you can.

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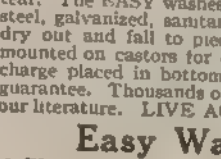

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Miss Susie Swartz, Berlin, Ont., writes:—"I cannot say enough for what 'Actina' has done for my eyesight. When I was eight years old I had to start to wear glasses. The doctor said I could never expect to go without glasses. I have used 'Actina' only six months, and can now sew and do all my work without glasses. I had worn glasses for seventeen years."

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every day, or nearly every day, sometimes long distances, and performing at night. There will be a good deal of concerted work and everything has to be memorized. This should not, however, present any difficulty to an artiste of average ability. In some of the concert parties, half of the program is devoted to excerpts from the operas, so that this class of work is good training and desirable in other ways, all the performers being people of refinement with some pretensions to culture. The places visited are Y.M.C.A.'s and good concert halls. If one is strong enough to stand the strain, a concert party is both interesting and attractive. Lyceum work, as it is called, is a strong feature in the States. There are, however, several managers who undertake Canadian tours. For grand opera and musical comedy there is (so far as I know) no opening in Canada; and as regards the last, I would not recommend any girl to go into an American company. Their singing can hardly be classed as music, nor their performances as art; and there are other grave objections. A good English musical comedy company is a different proposition, and offers a fair field for the ambitious, many well known artistes having risen from the ranks. A small part would command £3 to £5 a week. The chorus get a salary of £2 ($10) a week, with extra for matinees and for understudying. That sounds little, but in reality it is quite enough to live on comfortably, living being so much cheaper in England. Voice trials are held constantly, and anybody can obtain a hearing by applying. The stars of the company get very large salaries indeed. I mention this, as the singer is not tied to one continent, which is one of the charms of the profession, and will quite likely find herself in England at some time or other.

It is difficult to get into grand opera without a personal introduction, and few have voices sufficiently powerful to do well in it. There is always the possibility of being noticed by some influential magnate of the musical world, while on tour, and of getting an opportunity in this way. As regards the concert platform proper the demand for singers is small and getting smaller, and it is very difficult for the beginner to get a chance, artistes of established reputation being nearly always chosen in order to draw the crowd. The novice will be well advised to get known, either by means of singing in a church, or by some other method before trying this branch of art. In any case few succeed in getting enough engagements to keep them. Some work up a teaching connection, but it is uphill business.

There is practically no demand for oratorio in Canada, and this being so young a country, while one can make a living here as a singer, for fame and fortune one must go to New York, or to Boston, or to the old world. But once a singer gets fairly started she will find the way open out as she goes along and other things being equal, she will reach the level justified by her ability, in time.

Singing is one of the most health-giving of pursuits. It is the exception to find a singer suffering with dyspepsia and kindred complaints which burden the life of the clerk and those engaged in sedentary occupations. The fine physique of the singer is a matter of ordinary comment; so much so, that it is popularly supposed only the exceptionally developed are endowed with voices, whereas more often than not, the physique is the result of the constant practice of the voice. The writer has seen some miserable specimens of humanity turned into splendid looking women by a course of careful training in voice production. One never sees a vocalist looking as if life were a dreary blank. In spite of the hard times that come sometimes, singers are always bright, happy, gay, and smiling. They enjoy their work and possess good digestions. The favored few who attain eminence are able to spend the evening of their days in the full enjoyment of the fruits of their labors.

The writer is personally acquainted with a singer who for twenty years plodded along, making no more than a decent living. At last her chance came. She was engaged to play a part in grand opera in an important production. She attracted favorable notice—the twenty years hard work told now. Within three years she had amassed a respectable fortune and was recognized as one of the first singers of the day. I may mention that this lady had to earn the money for her training. What one has done another may do. In what other profession can a result such as this be accomplished?

IF I WERE PREMIER

(*Continued from page 7*)

would properly include other food stuffs. Nor need the working out of the scheme be confined to the West, and to extending the acreage of cultivation. I have spoken of wheat and extended cultivation because that points the moral most vividly, but Ontario and the East would without doubt furnish as good opportunities and the results desired obtained as much by intensive cultivation as by extending the present acreage. There would, however, be obvious difficulties in using any but Crown land for this Government work.

There need be no fear that so substantial an increase in wheat would lower the price too much, for in the first place, the price of wheat is steadily rising and yet this rise in price does not mean a benefit to the farmers but merely privation for those who would benefit by an increased food supply.

The problem of the unemployed alone cannot be left to the gradual adjustment of social forces. The lack of work, the pinch of hunger, the certainty of starvation, are too keen to allow us to toss the matter aside merely as a newspaper article. We must be keenly alive to our responsibilities. We are our brothers' keepers. We must not only be awake to our responsibility, but we should be able to comprehend it not only as responsibility, but as a privilege. The problem of the unemployed is so serious that experts, social workers and economists consider Government action will be necessary to meet it. This method which I advocate would settle this question for the time being, and help to settle it permanently, as a continuation of this scheme would provide for the gradual settling on their own land of the men who had, in taking part in this, learned how to farm. It would, doubtless, according to the advice of social workers, be necessary in many instances to use the influence of the law to deal with those men who are unemployed because they do not want to work.

We have spent $1,000,000 a year to get immigrants. More than one-third of the present population came as immigrants; this isn't taking into account that their children have since that time formed part of the total population. We cannot get this increase for some time. Yet so necessary has it been for Canada to have people—labor, farmers—that the immigration policy has always been an important function of government. We cannot now have this immigration; let us make use of that floating population that drifts from city to city, and, being an increasing class, threatens to upset the social and economic life not only of Canada, but also of the United States. We cannot increase the labor of the country, we cannot get the settlers we need; then let us do with what we have, use the labor that now is idle, train labor that is beneath even the class called unskilled, and expect useful citizens of men who have not learned that it is worth while to become citizens of any country.

Both political parties and all citizens should approve a government measure to carry into effect the policy here outlined for at the present time our national well-being is endangered, our advance hindered; the falling off in trade, in commerce, in expansion, in production, is causing serious depression and set-back. In these circumstances, we must take new courage; we must not lag and fail, but, considering the situation, we must deal with it as a business matter, so efficiently that the present unemployment, the present falling off in immigration, the stopping of settlement and the lack of wheat, shall be seen only as factors that shall have made for our greater advance.

But consider the farther reaching result—we shall have established a precedent for the world, and increased enormously the prestige of our country. There are not lacking those who consider that we in Canada—our governments and ourselves—are somewhat lacking in that initiative which makes for greatness. If we do this—a big thing, in a big way, if we back up our army of soldiers with an army of production, we have set a mark at the beginning of our national life and "Canada" becomes a name that stands for an idea efficiently carried out—food produced for the world and an example given to the nations. In the reorganization that will follow this war, the influence of such decisive action will be far-reaching. It will directly encourage the principle that the foundation of our national life is production of food by agriculture; it will develop the natural resources of our country; it will encourage future immigration from those countries to which the story of the achievement will spread; it will mark a definite step in the advance of social economy and art of government, in the attainment of successful and permanent civilization on earth.

If I were Premier, this is what I would do:

In view of the certain shortage in wheat and in food, considering the great need of the Empire, and of the world, knowing that we have the land, the seed, the organizers, the machinery and the labor, I would put an army of 50,000 men on the western plains to produce *wheat* in 1915.

If I were Premier—

I have written as a woman, it is for men—for *the Premier* to carry out the idea.

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THE E D S triangle is known far and wide. Look at it again and study it. Note its peculiarities—its three divisions with the letters E-D-S in the divisions. This mark has significance. It means that every tin, and glass, and wood, and stone package on which it may be found, contains an absolutely pure product of the highest possible excellence. Few marks on fruit and vegetable packages mean as much as the E D S triangle.

The fruit and vegetables contained in one form or another in an E D S container, are grown on our Garden of 1000 acres and adjacent farms. They are gathered when exactly ripe—in their most perfect condition. They are converted the same day or within 24 hours. Every ounce of fruit is hand sorted. Every blemished, bruised or inferior fruit or vegetable is rejected. Only pure cane granulated sugar is used. Where spices have to be added, as in the case of E D S Tomato Catsup, the highest possible grades are used.

A good wife and mother should be careful in the matter of what food products she buys. It is not economy at all to buy inferior grades. Disorders and worse lurk in poor foods. It pays to be particular. Therefore, when you buy jams, jellies, preserves, marmalade, catsup, grape juice, raspberry vinegar, and canned fruits and vegetables, ask to be served the lines marked with the E D S Triangle.

Good grocers everywhere in Canada sell E D S lines. Your part is to ask for the E D S Brand.

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The power of Dr. Cassell's Tablets to overcome nerve weakness, and ills that come of nerve weakness, is well shown in the case of Mrs. Spencer, who lives at Wood Lawn, 124 Coldharbour Lane, Camberwell, London, England. She says :—" I'm delighted to tell you that Dr. Cassell's Tablets have done me a wonderful amount of good ; in fact, they have set me up so thoroughly that I'm sure I never felt better in my life.

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This is no exceptional case. Hundreds of instances could be cited where Dr. Cassell's Tablets have restored health and well-being, even in extreme cases of nerve weakness, and the awful despondency of neurasthenia. The explanation is that Dr. Cassell's Tablets nourish and vitalise the nerves, renew the functional powers of the system, and so compel health where older-fashioned methods are quite useless. When you feel run down, when your work becomes an effort, don't wait for more serious symptoms. Take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and you will be astonished at the bright, new health they will give you.

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and are specially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching womanhood. All Druggists and storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

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THE GOOD-NIGHT DOSE OF VENO'S

It is the power of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure to strengthen and give tone to the organs of breathing that enables this unequalled remedy to cure coughs, colds, and chest troubles so quickly and so thoroughly at all periods of life. Veno's is pre-eminently the family remedy—quick, sure, and abundantly safe, even for the youngest infant. It contains no harmful ingredients whatever, no opium, morphia, paregoric, no narcotics, no poisons of any sort or kind.

Here is a letter from the head of a family, every member of which has benefited by use of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and in thousands of families throughout the country and throughout the world the same story could be told.

"The Veno Drug Co., Ltd.,
Manchester.

"1 Nelson Cottage,
Staverton,
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"Gentlemen,—Some two years ago I had a very bad cold and cough, and being a sufferer for many years from bronchitis, I feared I was in for another attack, but my wife thought she would get me a small bottle of Veno's to try, and to my great surprise and pleasure, that *one small bottle* put me right.

"Some time after that my wife had a very bad attack of influenza, and knowing what Veno's Lightning Cough Cure had done for me, I got her a bottle. She took the cure as directed and soon was quite well. Again, about a month ago my wife had a bad attack of bronchitis, but thanks to Veno's and proper care, she has quite recovered.

"If my little grandson, who is here with us, gets a cold or cough, Veno's soon puts him right. My daughter and family have also used the medicine with good results. We cannot speak too highly of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and if anyone who suffers from a cold, cough, etc., would only take this medicine, and *follow the instructions*, many valuable lives would be saved.

(Signed) "C. H. GELSTHORPE."

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VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

THE DIARY OF A DEBUTANTE

(*Continued from page 8*)

and the bedrooms and drawing room and music room are on the lower floors, quite reversing the accepted order of arrangement of a house, but most sensible, as a kitchen should always be at the top of a house. This is a modern arrangement, bound to be followed extensively in time to come. Our little house stands in a row, the houses differing only in door and window designs and variety of stone or brick trimmings. It is wonderful how much alone one may be in so crowded a thing as a city block, each man's house his own castle quite as much as though surrounded by large grounds.

We have been so much entertained, and my calendar is filled right up to the day before my wedding. Lucy insists that we shall have a week-end at Cliveden, but as yet the date has not been set. Stanley is quite eager for the visit there—man like, he has forgot, I think. But when I come to question my heart, I find it is now at peace regarding Cliveden and the days spent there. Lucy plans to have quite a fete, I believe, at the end of Lent, with a long list of guests.

How soberly an engaged girl settles down! I said this the other day, and Frances Robinson said that was the reason that she did not become engaged, that she always had no end of fun. But immediately I noticed a wistful look in Frances's eyes, and I remembered that it had been whispered about ever so faintly that Frances lost her heart her first season out, but the man proving fickle her faith in men had been shaken generally. And then I remembered too, that always now at Frances's elbow Lester Harworth bobs up, and I wondered if he were not just persistent if he would not win. One cannot fancy a better match than Frances and Lester—Nellie once said quite soberly that she was afraid Frances was only flirting with him. Frances is no end popular, and she is most independent, and can always do what other girls would not dare to do in the way of unconventionalities. Frances is a law unto herself, and seems to enjoy life immensely, and yet I have come to wonder if this is not just her way, perhaps, of getting even with fate, treating life like a jest.

I think I shall indulge in my bent as match-maker when I have come into my matronly state, and I believe Frances would be the most interesting subject to experiment upon. I shall plan to make her jealous of Lester—I wonder if that would be dangerous? But if a man could not stand a test before marriage he could not stand it afterward, and his metal would better be tried before. If Frances saw Lester devoting himself to the prettiest debutante of the season, for example, I feel quite sure she would realize just her condition of heart in his direction. So I have already a match-making task before me for next autumn.

Oh, I fancy in leaving girlhood behind I shall find many new duties and responsibilities. I enter upon the quiet Lenten days with the feeling that I want to look well into my heart, I want to be sure that I am strong enough to be selfless should occasion require, that I will be patient if patience is needed, never exacting, and that if God pleases and children come to me, that I may be a mother equal to the sacred trust of guiding their feet aright. But like the girl who wanted to see the flower by the swamp bloom once more before her wedding day, I want to live through the Lenten days alone, I want to kneel with my little white prayer-book in my hand as I have done always, I want to be a girl still and just for these days. No one will know this, my little diary, but you.

THE FORCE OF TRUE LOVE

(*Continued from page 12*)

would not walk more erect by reason of such greeting!

There are times when it almost seems as if we had forgotten the meaning of love. What an amount of selfishness and loveless-ness we meet with in this world! What abundance of carping and fault-finding, and what paucity of appreciation! What forgetfulness of blessings conferred, what remembrance of errors committed! Go where you may, you do not escape the chronic fault finder. To his jaundiced eye nothing is right. With an assiduity worthy of a better cause, he is forever searching for flaws.

Of course there are flaws. Has not the sun its spot, and the rose its thorns? Yet the sun is luminous, notwithstanding spots, and the rose sweet, notwithstanding thorns. And seeing that none of us are perfect, why prate of the imperfections of others? Why act as social scavenger, collecting from the sinks and ash barrels of slanderers and scandal mongers the faults and failings of others, and dishing them up for others' entertainment? What happiness can there be in effecting the unhappiness of others? Why not rather cultivate the opposite trait, that of finding our own happiness in making others happy? Why not rather add vigor to our lives by increasing love in our hearts? For love is life, and life is love. They who do not love do not live. They who love nothing are nothing. Love is the solution of the riddle of life. It is the ladder to heaven. It is the revealer of the beyond. It robs death of its terror and the grave of its darkness. It begins its ministry before yet we enter life, and continues long after we are gathered unto the dead. "Loving those we lose, we never wholly lose those we love," says Thackeray. Love is the golden chord that ties our heart to a thousand other hearts. It weeps with us when we weep, and smiles when we smile. It rejoices in our triumphs, and instils hope and cheer in our defeats. It is keen-eyed and keen-eared to our virtues, and blind and deaf and dumb when seeing and hearing and speaking can only mar happiness.

It is more divine than theology,—it is a form of religion itself. It has no need of creeds or dogmas to convince, of bans or inquisitions or torture-chambers to convert. Its saints are not those who waste their years in prayers and penance, or who wage holy wars or battle mightily in theological controversies, but those who preach the gospel of love, and practice what they preach, who scatter seeds of kindness, who perform deeds of love, and spread sweetness and light, wherever they minister.

It is more precious than gold, for they that have love in their hearts have a treasure that neither wealth nor power nor station can purchase, have a treasure that time cannot diminish nor adverse fate depreciate, a treasure that grows the richer as earthly values grow poorer, that grows the stronger as physical strength grows weaker.

It is more to be desired than book-learning, for they that have love in their hearts possess the true wisdom of life. They have the wisdom that makes life worth its living. They have the wisdom that penetrates beneath the surface of things, and understands that they alone live who love, that they alone enjoy who partake of the blessings of this earth with their hearts as well as with their heads. They that have that wisdom are the chosen of God. Along their paths flowers always spring and birds always sing, and smiles and thanksgivings always abound. Their very face is the mirror of a heart that loves all and feels for all and sympathizes with all, a heart that is patient with human foibles and compassionate with human error, that bears insult and injury meekly, that answers unkindness with kindness and evil with good, a heart that preaches, in words which all can understand, the divinest of all beatitudes: *Blessed are they that love.*

ST. VALENTINE COMES TO THE NORTH

(*Continued from page 11*)

good old Rainer. And the mail man.

"Hullo, you," he cried to the mail carrier, "why didn't you wait until Easter? Why come at all?"

"Why, Hastings, what are you expecting—? I'm in two hours ahead of time."

Tony was watching him with curious eyes

"There are letters for you, Ted, and a—parcel."

Hastings made an effort to seem careless, and reached for the parcel.

Rainer was saying,

"A cold country. When we've finished this job, we'll be in condition to go and look for the Pole."

Hastings held her picture unwrapped in his hand.

"What's the matter with the country?" he demanded of Rainer, "The country's all right."

Rainer looked at him.

"You've changed your opinion since I left?"

Then he took the scene completely in, for Hastings still stood in the centre of the little office, with the girl's picture in his hand.

"Why, it's St. Valentine's Day," he cried, and there was no sneer in his voice. "Are congratulations in order, old chap?"

"We will have some music," said Tony sympathetically, "We will have 'Annie Laurie,'" he conceded. He picked up the record.

"Oh, if you like, old man," said Hastings, "but Caruso's good enough."

And then the dinner gong rang.

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Cut the butter in small pieces and place same in a dish over hot water until the butter begins to soften; then gradually whip the milk and cream and dissolved gelatine into the butter with a Dover egg beater. After the milk is thoroughly beaten into the butter add the salt to taste.
If the milk forms keep on beating until all is mixed in. Place on ice or in a cool place until hard. If a yellow color is desired, use butter coloring.

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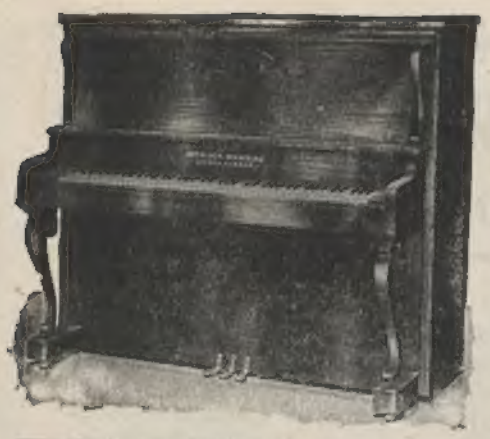

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HER SUPREME SACRIFICE

(Continued from page 9)

her to stay and even offered to raise her salary, but in answer to his plea she told him she was forced to go, partly against her own wishes, and for a reason she could not divulge.

She spent most of her time during the following three weeks in making trips to her lawyer, and at the end of that time she obtained the divorce, which literally meant nothing to her. On her way home after receiving her divorce, she purchased an afternoon paper and received a shock on reading an account of the death of Gordon's father, and the filing of the latter's will, which had cut Gordon off with one dollar.

"And my efforts are all for nothing!" she exclaimed. "Poor Gordon! But maybe he doesn't care any more."

Her lawyer had sent word to Gordon that a divorce had been granted, and this having been done, Ora felt that she was through, and would have to begin life anew without her husband or baby.

In the morning the longing to see Donnie was more than she could bear, and she decided to journey back to see him once more; then she would go away for ever. Two hours later she reached the house where she found an open door and a clear passage to Donnie's room, the nurse being absent on an errand. A wave of emotion flooded her heart as she stepped into his room and gazed on the familiar objects and her sleeping child. Bending down she kissed him fervently.

"My darling boy," she murmured, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

The noise of a door closing downstairs startled her and she quickly turned to the door. On the stairway she met Gordon. He stood and gazed at her as if she were a wraith.

"I had to see Donnie again!" she cried, putting her hand to her throbbing heart. "I felt I would die if I didn't."

A grim smile played about the corners of Gordon't tightly closed lips.

"And you have nothing to say to me?" he asked.

She shook her head in the negative as she passed him. He turned and looked after her, but made no effort to detain her. As she reached the door she thought she heard him call. She longed to turn and rush into his arms, but knew she must be firm for his sake.

Out into the street she stumbled, not knowing or caring where she went. Her aimless wanderings brought her to the park where she had met Gordon's employer. Tired and weary she dropped to a seat on a bench. She had been there about ten minutes with her head resting on her arms when she heard some one addressing her. Raising her head, she looked into the eyes of Mr. Hale.

"You appear to be in trouble again," he said in a low tone. "Can I be of any service? I assure you it would give me great pleasure."

Something urged her to tell him that she was worried over the lack of employment, and she did, telling him of her ability.

Mr. Hale's face became a wreath of smiles.

"I'm in need of a stenographer at present. How would you like to enter my employ? I assure you I'll make things as comfortable as possible."

"It's very kind of you to take such an interest in a stranger," she said, "but I imagine it's your bigness of heart, rather than your need of my serivces that prompts you to make the offer."

"Not at all," he protested. "I really do need a stenographer, and you appeal to me as just the sort of a woman I should like to have in my office. Won't you come?"

Ora drew a long breath and tried to think. To accept would bring her in constant association with Gordon. Of course, Mr. Hale need never know of their relations, and she had no fear that Gordon would tell him anything. She had to obtain some sort of employment, and a position with Mr. Hale would give her an opportunity to see Donnie occasionally.

She accepted Mr. Hale's offer, much to that gentleman's pleasure, and then started to look for lodgings.

In the morning she reported at the office and was introduced to Gordon as Miss Janis, his assistant. Gordon stood like a man turned to stone, but Hale was too much concerned with his new acquisition to note any difference in Gordon. In fact, Hale paid so much marked attention to Ora that he was oblivious of Gordon's existence. When she was left alone with Gordon, he came to her and looked at her wistfully.

"Ora, have you no word for me after all these months? Must I believe you sane when you secured that divorce?"

Ora's heart beat wildly, almost suffocating her. She longed to tell him that she still loved him, but that would not be protecting him from himself as she had vowed to do. For a reply she removed, from a chain around her neck, her wedding ring and gave it to him.

He accepted it mechanically, and was about to make some remark when approaching footsteps sent him back to his desk. Hale entered and hovered about her desk for the remainder of the day.

The next morning she found Gordon alone in the office when she arrived. As she sat down at her desk, he came to her side and tenderly took hold of her hand.

"Ora, dear," he said, with all the old love and tenderness in his voice, "I can't believe that you have really turned from me. Some wild, mad impulse has made you act as you have. Tell me, dear, tell me that you do love me just a little yet. This suspense, this seeing you hour after hour without being allowed to caress you will finally kill me!"

She had neither inclination nor strength to withdraw her hand. How soothing was his touch! Still she steeled herself against uttering the words in her heart. Later, when he found himself back in his rightful station in life he would be thankful to her. What might have been the outcome of another plea he was about to make had not Mr. Hale's approach cut it short, would be difficult to say. In a way she was glad that Hale entered.

Another week passed, but during that time she never found herself alone with Gordon. Hale became her shadow, took her motoring, out to the theatre and to dinner. There was something about her fatherly employer that appealed to her lonely heart. Her slightest wish was immediately gratified, and he seemed to be living solely for her happiness. If money could bring forgetfulness and happiness, she knew it would be hers to command, if she so desired.

When she had been in Hale's employ about a month, he came in one morning more sprightly than ever, and sent Gordon out on an errand. As soon as Gordon left, he took a seat beside Ora.

"Miss Janis," he began a bit nervously, "I know there is a big difference between our ages, but nevertheless, I love you—love you as I've never loved any woman. I know youth loves youth, but very often youth does not appreciate youth and beauty as age does. If you could learn to care just a little for me, I'd ask for nothing more in this world, and the remainder of my life would be devoted to making you happy. Do you think you could?"

Ora dropped her eyes and hurriedly analyzed the situation. As long as she remained unmarried, Gordon would live in hope and misery, and would make no attempt to go back to his proper position. On the other hand, if she were to marry Hale, Gordon would give up hoping. Possibly Gordon might turn Donnie over to her care, or she might provide for his education. Guided by these thoughts, she told Hale that she thought in time she could learn to care for him as he wished.

"You are an angel!" Hale cried, pressing her to his heart.

That moment witnessed the end of her office work, and she did not see Gordon until the day set for the wedding. Nevertheless, not a day passed that she did not give him part of her thoughts.

On the day of the wedding as she stood arrayed in her bridal gown, her reverie was suddenly broken by a commotion outside. The door flew open and a policeman came in, bearing a child in his arms, At that moment Gordon entered through another door. He was carrying a bag, and appeared to be ready to start on a journey. An exclamation escaped from her lips as she recognized Donnie. Gordon took Donnie in his arms.

"He was knocked down by an auto," the policeman exclaimed.

"Send for a doctor," Gordon ordered.

Ora forgot everything and kissed the child several times. Then she turned to the troubled face of Gordon, breathed his name and fell back in a swoon.

Willing hands quickly came to her assistance, and after placing her in a chair, worked over her until she regained consciousness. At this juncture Hale entered, excited and nervous, and went to her side. Gordon's pleading eyes were rivetted upon her and they seemed to be saying: "If not for my sake, Ora, stop for Donnie's, before it is too late!"

Ora rose and advanced toward the couch as the doctor came in. Fortunately Donnie had been more frightened than hurt and needed very little attention. Regardless of the eyes upon her and the presence of Hale, Ora went to the couch and kissed Donnie fervently.

"What does all this mean?" Hale asked, perplexed and obviously nervous.

Looking squarely into Hale's eyes, Ora said,

"Forgive me. I believed I could blot out what I thought was an unhappy marriage and learn to care for you, but I can't. Mr. Eames was my husband until I divorced him several months ago. I love him too much to marry another, and I'll never be happy without him. The child is ours. I'm sorry, Mr. Hale, but it cannot be helped."

As she finished speaking Gordon's, arm stole around her trembling waist, and Hale dropped into a chair, crestfallen and sad.

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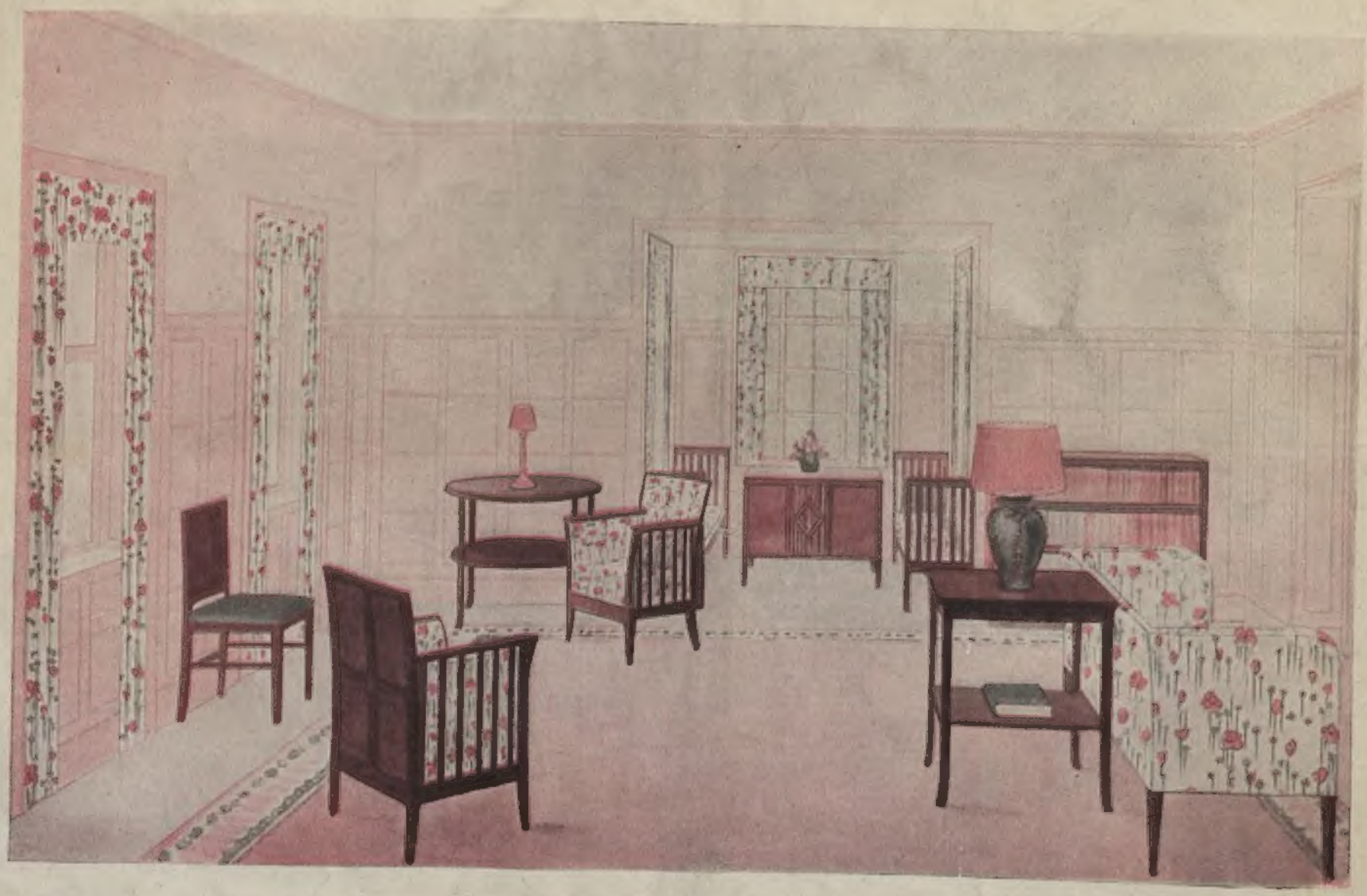

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